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m. F. Buckley Jr.
VES ONE CHEER TO
JIMMY CARTER —see p. 1302

NATIONAL REVIEW

Hugh Kenner on POLITICAL CARTOONS

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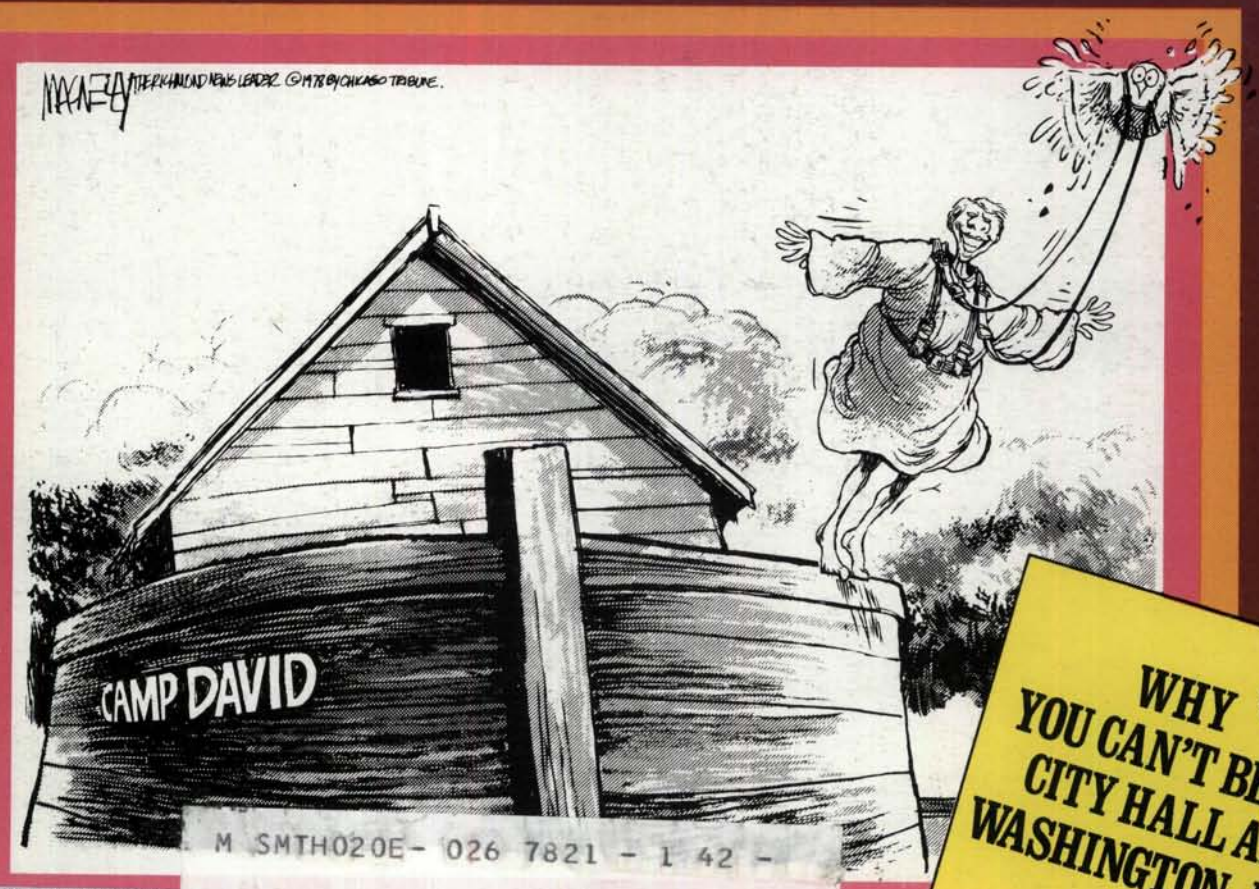
ERIK von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN ◆ JAMES BURNHAM ◆ WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



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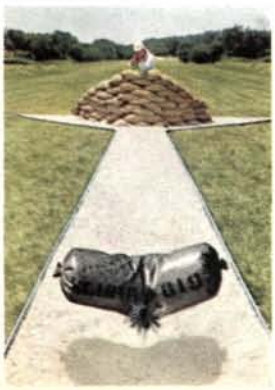

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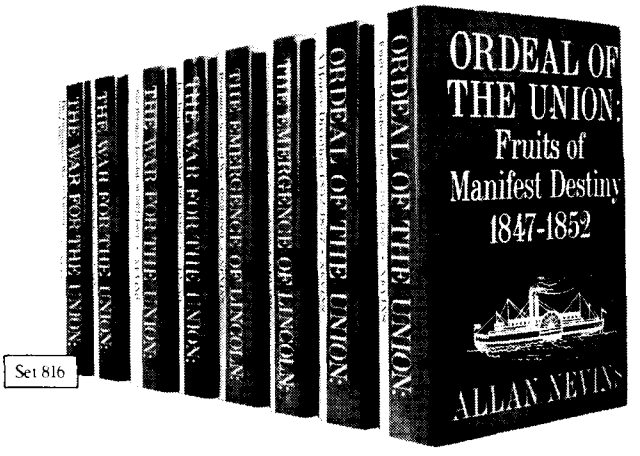

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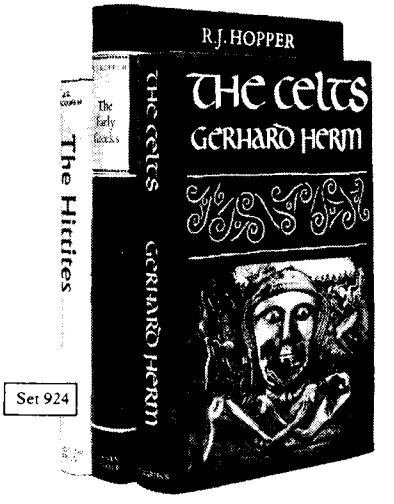

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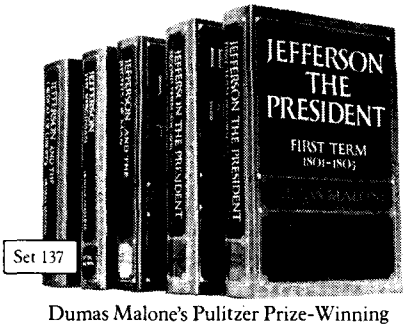

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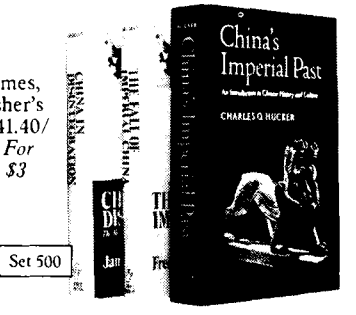

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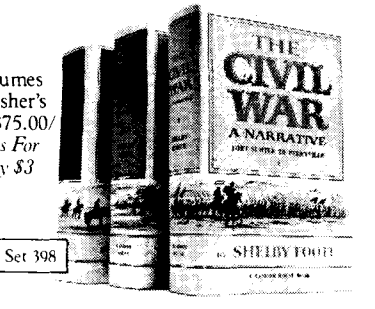

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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 13, 1978
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BRUDNOY
Page 1268

BROOKHISER
Page 1274

JOHNSTON
Page 1273

KENNER
Page 1287

SIMON
Page 1291

SOBRAN
Page 1295

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

1267 **Will Iran Collapse?**
The Shah has modernized, even liberalized, by authoritarian means. Now he is paying.
James Burnham

1268 **One Hand Clapping**
In 1972 Massachusetts seemed to go for McGovern only because Angela Davis wasn't running. Now the state is mending its ways. *David Brudnoy*

1273 **On Teaching Grasshoppers to Lip-Read**
President Carter's approach to inflation suggests that he would blame the thermometer for a heat wave. The real culprit is government—which is also the chief profiteer of debased currency. *James L. Johnston*

1274 **Why You Can't Beat City Hall at Washington, D.C.—Part II**
In this conclusion of a NATIONAL REVIEW study, associate editor Richard Brookhiser explains why conservative reform never got off the ground even under two Republican Presidents. By the time Richard Nixon took an interest in it, the normal impediments were aggravated by the Watergate caper-turned-crisis, and he abandoned the attempt in the hope of appeasing the liberal Democratic Congress. Gerald Ford, a genuine conservative, made some stabs at deregulation, but ran up against our old friend the Washington Triangle. According to the Founding Fathers, Big Government just isn't supposed to happen; yet there it stands, defying all challenges. It got there through the successive cavings-in of the Legislative and Executive Branches, which have left in their wakes an autonomous structure of bureaucracy—nominally subject to the President, but actually situated so as to play off the other two branches against each other. Finally, Mr. Brookhiser proposes a strategy of correction: the people must rediscover the Ninth Amendment, and their own capacity to govern themselves.
Richard Brookhiser

1284 **In Memoriam**
Through a brilliant, stormy career—from *Time* to NATIONAL REVIEW to *Der Stern* to his own magazine—Willi Schlamm fought this century's great war.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

1285 **Test-Tube Morality**
The Brown baby represents a scientific triumph; but that triumph has entailed its own forms of destruction. *Malachi B. Martin*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

1287 **Exploding Ducks and Other Primal Tales**
A political cartoon should not mean, but be. The best of them feed on the irreducible, the memorable oddity that resists allegory, losing its essence when transposed to words. The political commentator seeks intelligibility in events. The political cartoonist celebrates the surrealism of public life. This explains why Oliphant and MacNelly are so good, and Herblock isn't. *Hugh Kenner*

1291 **Bergmania (Cont'd)**
Some finishing touches—bruises, really—on Woody Allen's *Interiors*. And cold water on *Who'll Stop the Rain*. *John Simon*

1292 **Bring Abbie Hoffman Home**
In America, it's the *defendants* who stage show trials. *D. Keith Mano*

1294 **From Death unto Death**
Peter Matthiessen's *The Snow Leopard* is so fine and radiant that one wouldn't have thought even he could write it.
Donald Hall

1295 **Pickled Roe**
A very, very *nice* book about an incompetent abortionist. *M. J. Sobran*

1240 **Letters**
1254 **For the Record**
1256 **The Week**
1278 **hello**
1286 **From the Academy**
1298 **Dark Horses**
1302 **On the Right**
1304 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover cartoon by Jeff MacNelly

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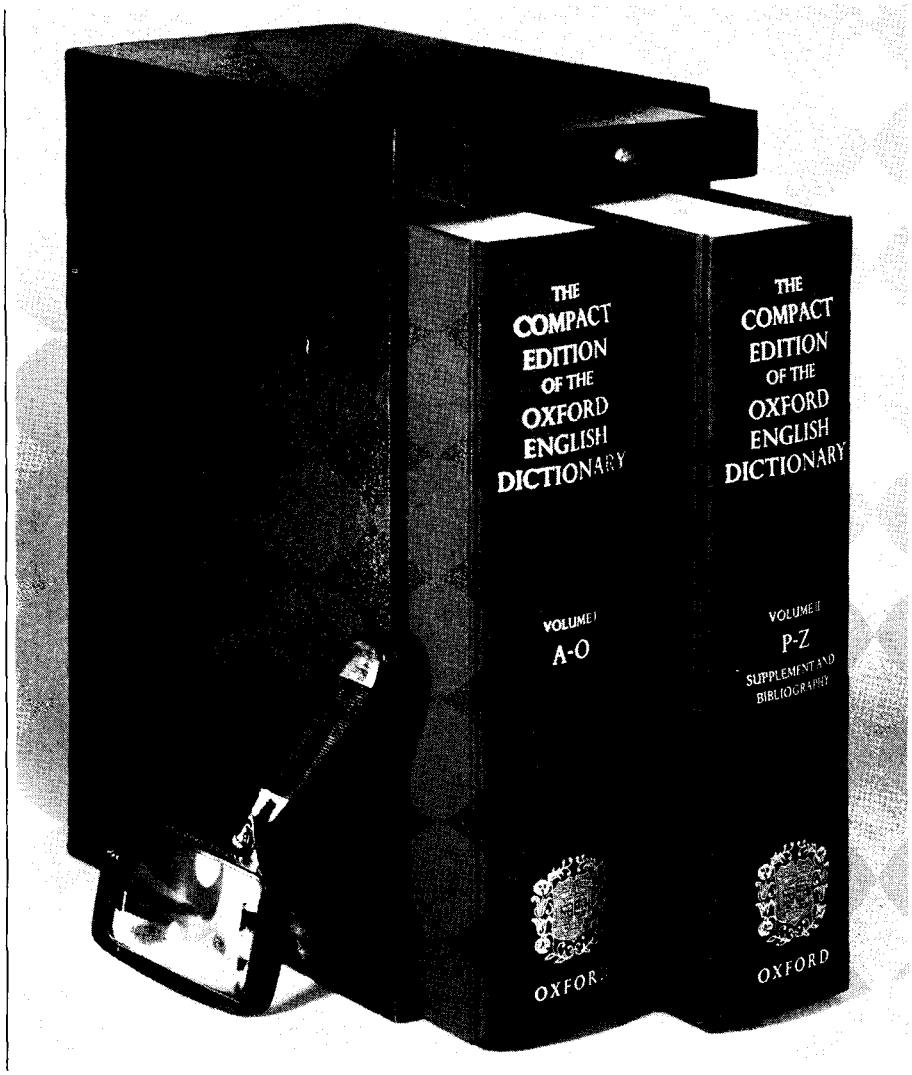

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Letters

Endemic Bungling

Richard Brookhiser's formidable article (in fact, if the second half is as long as the first, it's not an article, it's an embryonic book), "Why You Can't Beat City Hall at Washington, D.C." [Sept. 29], is more than a little depressing. Usually, one tends to go along with the assumption that most of our government's bungling is accidental—a result of individual errors—rather than intrinsic to its mode of operating. But it's hard to maintain that assumption when one has read some of the facts and figures. As Brookhiser tells us, "In an 11-hour day, a congressional committee reported in 1977, the average Representative has 11 minutes free to think . . ." Yes, that sounds about right.

And I found as I read that I was getting angry with Richard Nixon all over again, but for different reasons than before. It seemed at the time that it was Watergate that torpedoed the Executive reorganization his Administration was working on (and perhaps the second installment of Brookhiser's article will show that Watergate really was an important factor). But now Brookhiser reminds me of something I had known and forgotten: Nixon, although he spent, effectively, nine years (with just a couple of times out) running for the Presidency of the United States, didn't really care about domestic policy. I too find foreign affairs much more interesting, but my taxes have to help pay for our domestic mistakes, and I have to live with the results of those policies every day. I find it hard to understand a man who could want the Presidency so badly—and yet want only half of it.

Gervase Thomson
Belmont, Mass.

Simon Sneers

One doesn't need to be a fan of Woody Allen to cringe at the scathing derision John Simon heaps on Allen's latest effort, *Interiors* ["It's No Joke!" Sept. 29]. All right, *Interiors* is a gigantic flop. And, yes, Mr. Simon has a scholar's command of cinematic history.

Still, Mr. Simon's reviewing techniques do not endear him to me. He derives an obvious satisfaction from personal insult ("Geraldine Page's old and by now threadbare Method acting"). When Mr. Simon gets cranked up there is no stopping him, as if he seeks to justify his own shrillness by raising the volume: "tasteless and foolish"; "clichés and banalities"; "megalomania and incompetence." Apparently insults come in pairs.

Mr. Simon never confines himself to the work at hand either. He likes to bring the whole of the director's *œuvre* before us for critical review. And so Mr. Simon lambastes *Annie Hall*, which, though it may not have met Mr. Simon's standards of cinematic art, was certainly humorous, even affecting. (Any movie whose heroine uses a copy of NATIONAL REVIEW to kill cockroaches in her bathtub cannot be all bad.)

Finally—and this is a trend I have observed over the whole of Mr. Simon's presence in *NR*—he seems to consider himself the lone literate of the film-reviewing trade. Other critics are merely cheerleaders. Mr. Simon stands athwart other reviewers yelling, "Cliché!" Thus, in his piece on *Interiors*, Mr. Simon can't resist offering a gratuitous aside about Vincent Canby. I appreciate Mr. Simon's knowledge about cinema as art. But I also appreciate movies for the entertainment they provide—even when they aren't made by Ingmar Bergman.

Brian Duffy
Chicago, Ill.

See p. 1291.

—ED.

The Moderates in Iran

Your editorial ["The Week," Sept. 29] indicates two opposing camps in Iranian politics: on the one side, those in favor of the Shah's program of "liberalization"; on the other, fanatic religious conservatives or foreign-inspired terrorists.

Since 1953 the Shah has successfully convinced the West that the single choice in Iran is between his rule and a Communist takeover. He has systematically denied the existence of a middle force bent neither on despotism nor on Communism. Such a middle force has always existed in Iran and has often played a viable role in opposition politics. However, many of the Iranian urbanites opposed to the regime have found the leadership of this middle force all but lacking—political oppression being the major reason for this political poverty—and hence have reverted to the mosque and to the mullah (priest) for their political organization. Needless to say, the fanaticism attributed to this religious movement is a figment of the government's imagination.

What the majority of the people want is a truly independent and genuinely representative government. It is this majority that has rallied thousands of people into the streets and has only met with martial law in response.

Nellie D. Nash
Teheran, Iran

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Economic Research Bureau Warns:

THERE ARE SIX DEADLY ASSUMPTIONS THAT COULD WIPE YOU OUT

. . And You're Already Making Four of Them!

(Washington, D.C.) A major economic crisis is about to hit the United States, and our government is not going to be able to head it off. This is the controversial opinion of Dr. Gary North, the executive director of the American Bureau of Economic Research, the nationally known research organization. In fact, Dr. North argues, the government's own policies are the source of the coming collapse.

"The U. S. economy is a house of cards," Dr. North asserts, "but people who didn't go through the Great Depression can't believe that such a thing is possible any more. We have raised up a generation of Americans who simply won't know what to do when the crisis hits. Their grandparents remember what real hardship is, but the kids don't want to think about it."

"The Six Deadly Assumptions"

Millions of Americans, young and old, are making assumptions about the future that are dangerously optimistic. Dr. North calls these "the six deadly assumptions." A lot of people believe in all six, he says, and practically everyone believes in at least four. The six assumptions are these:

1. **"My pension can actually be paid off."**
2. **"The Social Security system isn't bankrupt."**
3. **"The Federal government insures the present and future value of my bank account."**
4. **"A depression is impossible today."**
5. **"My guaranteed annuity is safe."**
6. **"The government will control inflation."**

If you have made even **one** of these assumptions, and you refuse to rethink your premises, Dr. North warns, "you are headed straight for disaster."

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Dr. Gary North

Will the Government Suppress his Report?

Dr. North claims that his special report gives you the techniques that will "beat the paralyzed markets." He says you have to know about timing, shifting markets, hidden sources of supplies, and barter. "These techniques are really not that hard to master once you know what they are, but they aren't obvious to most people. You have to be taught."

Dr. North admits that very few people will take the steps necessary to protect themselves. "This is why the little guy always gets sheared. People refuse to act until it is way too late. They won't read a survival manual like ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.*** But for those who do, and who follow its advice, the coming crisis should be a time of tremendous opportunity. For some people, it will be a true bonanza."

"The Government Will Suppress This Report"

Dr. North is pessimistic about the long-run prospects for his report. He is convinced that the government will eventually take steps to restrict its circulation. "My report shows people how to beat the controls. The bureaucrats resent this. After all, what good are the controls, from the government's point of view, if people know how to short-circuit them? That's what my report is all about."

About the time that most people finally figure out that a crisis has hit and that they desperately need the information in his report, Dr. North says, the government will force it off the market. "People always think they can get special information anytime they need it, but they can't. If they wait too long, they will have to pay through the nose to get it."

There are still some important **loopholes** that the government has neglected to close, Dr. North insists, but they won't be available forever. "That's why the people who act now will make the big money. Those who wait around will **pay** the big money." If you hesitate now, concludes Dr. North, "you're asking for trouble."

Dr. North's special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls***, is being distributed by the American Bureau of Economic Research. It sells for $10. To order, fill out the coupon below.

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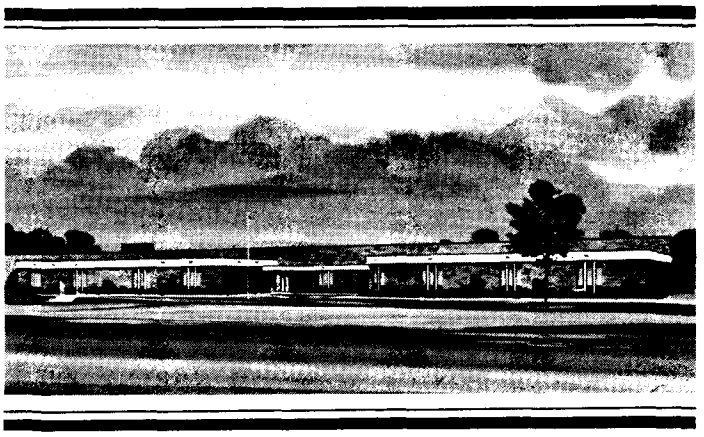

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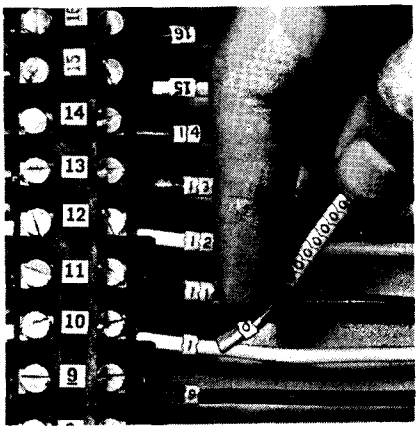

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As someone who recently spent a year in Iran as a Fulbright lecturer, I think there are some serious misstatements in your editorial on Iran. You discredit good, decent people who oppose the Shah's repressive policies by saying that an insignificant radical fringe is the cause of the trouble. Now the entire country is aroused against the Shah and the secret police. Whether they will succeed in overthrowing his regime is problematical since the Shah will undoubtedly use weapons supplied by the U.S.A. against his own people.

Leo Hamalian
New York, N.Y.

See p. 1267. —ED.

Test-Tube Philosophy

With many unanswered questions about Louise Brown, I sought guidance in your editorial pages, so helpful in the past. That I did not find the answers did not surprise me, given the complexities of the issues. More puzzling is that after reading "Test-Tube Baby" ["The Week," Aug. 18], I am no longer sure what the questions are.

"Hegel argued . . . that all of human history is moving inexorably toward freedom," says your editorialist, who also insists that "Hegel appears to have been right." A stunning endorsement, which makes one wonder whether some *NR* editorialists ever take the trouble to read their own magazine. In the age of Auschwitz, the Gulag, the Katyn massacres, the Cultural Revolution, and the Cambodian genocide, can anyone believe that "human history is moving inexorably toward freedom"?

Your editorial goes on to reprimand "Catholic spokesmen [who seem] at least tacitly to ignore that 'mind' is a component of nature, and has the capacity constantly to transform it." If human nature can be "constantly transformed," doesn't it follow that there is no "nature" as we understand it? There is nothing unusual about the view, defended most forcefully by Sartre, that there is no such thing as human nature; but the pages of *NR* are the last place on earth I would expect to find such tenets taken for granted. We are further told that "the area in which conscious choices must be made enlarges dynamically [sic]." Why "must"? If the drift toward freedom is as irreversible as your editorial suggests, why bother choosing? Why put up with the anguish of choice if, in the long run, it won't make much difference?

Next, you blithely invoke a perplexing Hegelian paradox: "the only necessity may be freedom." But if freedom is a necessity—i.e., if we cannot choose to accept or to reject it, to broaden or to restrict its realm, to promote or to reverse its progress—doesn't it follow that there

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the report that briefs you on what to watch

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(1) Walking is the most *efficient* form of exercise . . . and the only one you can safely follow all the years of your life.

(2) Exercise can enable your body to maintain a *vital reserve* which has a protective effect during stress.

(3) Exercised *bones* do not demineralize. As a result they are far less likely to break or lose their range of motion.

(4) Exercised *lungs* still exhibit the emphysema-like changes of age, but are far less diminished in their capacity compared to the lungs of sedentary people.

(5) Exercised *cardiovascular systems* show a similar maximum preservation of function.

(6) The benefits of exercise in preventing or correcting obesity are striking.

(7) Late-onset diabetes is almost entirely reversible by exercise if you are overweight.

(8) Daily exercise permits greater food intake and better blood circulation, thus improving each body cell's nourishment while preventing obesity.

(9) The physically impaired, particularly the arthritic, can perhaps benefit the most from exercise . . .

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is no freedom? Or rather, if the only necessity is freedom, mustn't we conclude that there is no necessity? "As the area of choice expands . . . it becomes more difficult to understand a 'dynamic' nature as in some way normative." Does this mean that there are no norms? Or, if norms exist, that we can't know them?

What a strange concoction of Enlightenment ethics (man, through mind, changes nature for the benefit of mankind), existentialist ontology (to freedom condemned), Marxist eschatology (the inexorable march of history—oops! I mean freedom), Lysenkoist genetics (science manipulates the biological environment), flower-child Edenism ("What the world needs now/Is love, sweet love!"). What's going on?

Alphonse Juilland
Stanford, Calif.

Let us deal only with substance: 1) Auschwitz, Gulag, etc., etc., do not refute Hegel at all. Hegel meant that freedom—choice—enlarges inexorably in advanced societies. He was aware of Africa, China. He knew about tyrants. He meant that it is in the nature of mind to enlarge choice. Does anyone seriously think that there is less freedom—choice—in the U.S. or, say, France today than there was in, say, 1850? 2) Since freedom implies choice, e.g., whether to create Louise Brown or not to do so, the third paragraph above is difficult to understand. 3) Norms exist, but they appear increasingly difficult to deduce from "nature." They emerge more convincingly from ethical reflection (e.g., Plato), accumulated experience (e.g., Burke), or revelation (e.g., the Sermon on the Mount). 4) Re the last paragraph above, science obviously does manipulate the biological environment (and why drag in poor Lysenko?); love (Eros and Agape) long preceded flower-children, and Dante had a lot to say about it; "existentialist" and "enlightenment" are not in all lexicons terms of automatic condemnation; and, yes, Sartre could be right about some things and wrong about others—e.g., his critiques of both Marx and Freud are well worth considering. —ED.

Youth and Wisdom

I am grateful indeed to NATIONAL REVIEW for publishing Charles Kesler's all-too-brief interpretation of Solzhenitsyn's Harvard Address ["Up from Modernity," Sept. 1]. Virtually none of my academic colleagues at the University of Pennsylvania seem to have gotten within a mile of comprehending what Solzhenitsyn was getting at; and here is a recent graduate of

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a) Total no. copies printed:	94,850	93,400
b) 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales:	1,722	1,832
2. Mail subscriptions:	88,496	86,948
c) Total paid circulation:	90,218	88,780
d) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	921	943
e) Total distribution (sum of c and d):	91,139	89,723
f) 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	1,879	1,809
2. Returns from news agents:	1,832	1,868
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Business and the rational mind VI

The corporation and human values•Science vs. the liberal arts•Continuing to grow

Some of the most fundamental problems of business today are those having to do with human relations and human values, and this seems likely to continue for years to come.

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Their skills range from accounting through secretarial to zoology. In our recruiting, once we establish the technical or scientific qualifications of an engineer or a chemist, for instance, we look for about the same qualities in both the scientifically trained and the liberal arts students. We have learned that a business hires the whole person, and that in the long term motivation and character traits are more important than specific skills and knowledge.

Our business is so complex, even in its nontechnical aspects, that no one person can master all of it; so, to do one's job, one has to be able to work effectively with others. In a person's supervisory work, one of his or her prime functions must be the development and perceptive coaching of subordinates, since today they must accomplish most of the work and tomorrow one of them may have to replace him or her. Thus individuals with broad experience, the ability to think clearly and productively, and a determination to improve the status quo can make substantial contributions to the corporate effort.

The job of management is in the most fundamental sense the job of encouraging and helping people to develop themselves—keeping in mind that it is always some *one* person who is being trained, and that each person will differ from his or her peers in respect to specific needs and capabilities. Management must provide the sort of employment and work experience that will utilize the individual's abilities more effectively than those abilities could otherwise be used.

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We know that in our own case we require young people of moral stamina who can think and who can identify priorities. Given such individuals, along with the good sense of the American public once it has the facts, we believe that freedom can survive in our country and that a resourceful, well-managed business can prosper, benefiting from and contributing to the growth and development of the people who constitute it.

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Harvard explicating one of the most important messages we have heard in the entire century. Is it the difference between youth and age, unspoiled and corroded intelligence? Or could it be the difference between Harvard and Penn? Whichever (and it doesn't really matter), we need to steep ourselves in a comprehensive study and understanding of our situation which will transcend small-minded loyalties to those twin blights of modernism and chauvinism.

George Rochberg
Philadelphia, Pa.

In spite of the pseudo-scholarship in sociology rampant on today's campuses ["The Multifarious Perplexities of George Gilder," Sept. 15], Charles Kesler, who *heard* Solzhenitsyn speak at Harvard, must have found *Veritas* there through personal and objective effort. Otherwise he could never have given *NR* readers "the whole point" of Solzhenitsyn's address. We owe him our gratitude.

Mary Lawrence Riley, VHM
St. Louis, Mo.

A Posteriori

After reading in the review of Ron Nessen's book ["Dump the Lump," Sept. 29] that Jerry Ford referred to Solzhenitsyn as "a goddam horse's ass," I can at last understand why he didn't receive that great man at the White House. Anyone can agree that one "horse's ass" is enough in any house.

J. P. Shea
Syracuse, N.Y.

Tabling Salt

In the September 15 issue you note ["The Week"] that the FDA has announced that it is considering regulating table salt and that you had earlier carried a jesting report to the same effect. You were not the first publication to anticipate this bit of idiocy on the part of the FDA, however. That honor goes to the *Journal of Irreproducible Results*, a publication dedicated to spoofing science and scientists. Volume 22, #4 (1977) of that journal carries an article which cites six references to the scientific literature regarding the toxicity of table salt. It then computes the Acceptable Daily Intake (ADI) according to the standard procedure (1/100 of the largest daily dosage showing no harm in extended laboratory tests), and concludes that the ADI is smaller than the normal concentration of salt in common food items. With this much scientific support, it is clear that the FDA will have to regulate not only salt but all foods grown in the soil and all animal foods as well.

Joseph P. Martino
Fairborn, Ohio

It's too bad the FDA cannot find a way

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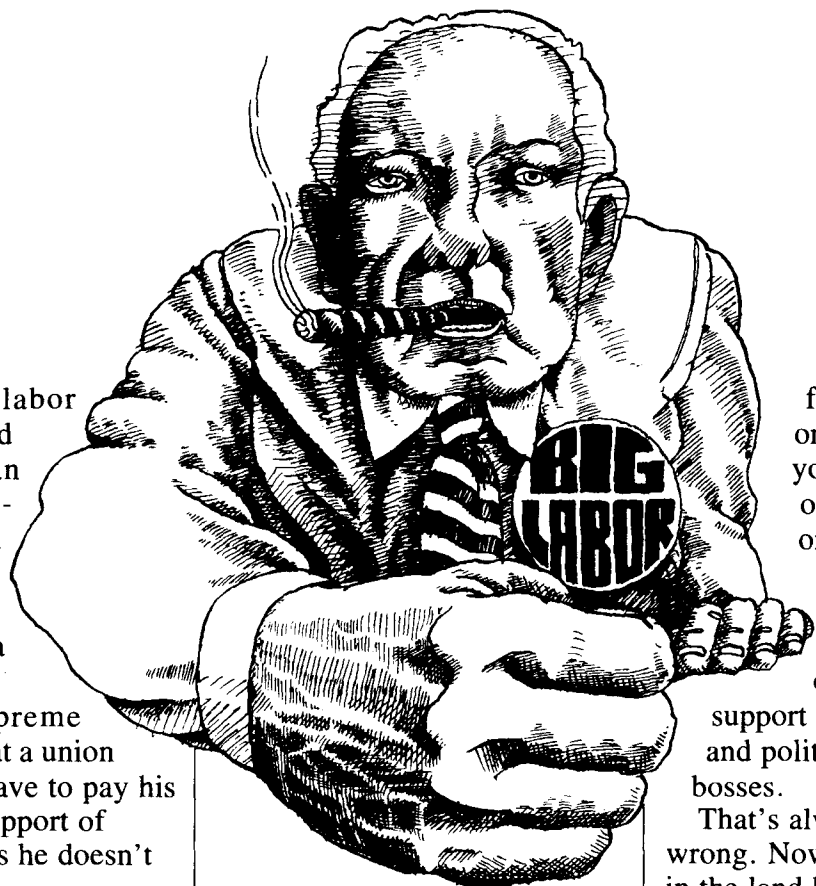

Organized labor will spend more than $100 million in direct and "in-kind" support on political campaigns this fall—a lot of it illegally.

The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that a union member doesn't have to pay his union money in support of political candidates he doesn't approve of.

That's why a Michigan teacher, a California airline ticket clerk and other American workers are waging a different kind of political battle this year. They are telling their unions they don't like the candidates and causes their union dues and fees are going to.

They got their ammunition from the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. In 1977, the Foundation helped 600 school teachers who had been forced by their union leaders to pay political contributions or be fired.

The Foundation took the case all the way to the Supreme Court, which unanimously ruled that it is unconstitutional for union officials to use compulsory dues or fees for political purposes.

Since 1968, the Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation has been helping American workers whose rights have been abused or denied as a result of forced unionism.

Forced unionism. That's when you have to pay dues or fees to a union in order to get the job you want or keep the one you have. And one of forced unionism's biggest abuses is the use of a worker's hard-earned money to support the pet candidates and political causes of union bosses.

That's always been morally wrong. Now the highest court in the land has declared that it's illegal.

If you believe that union leaders are using your money for political purposes with which you don't agree, or if you'd like to help workers whose fundamental rights are being denied because of forced unionism, write:

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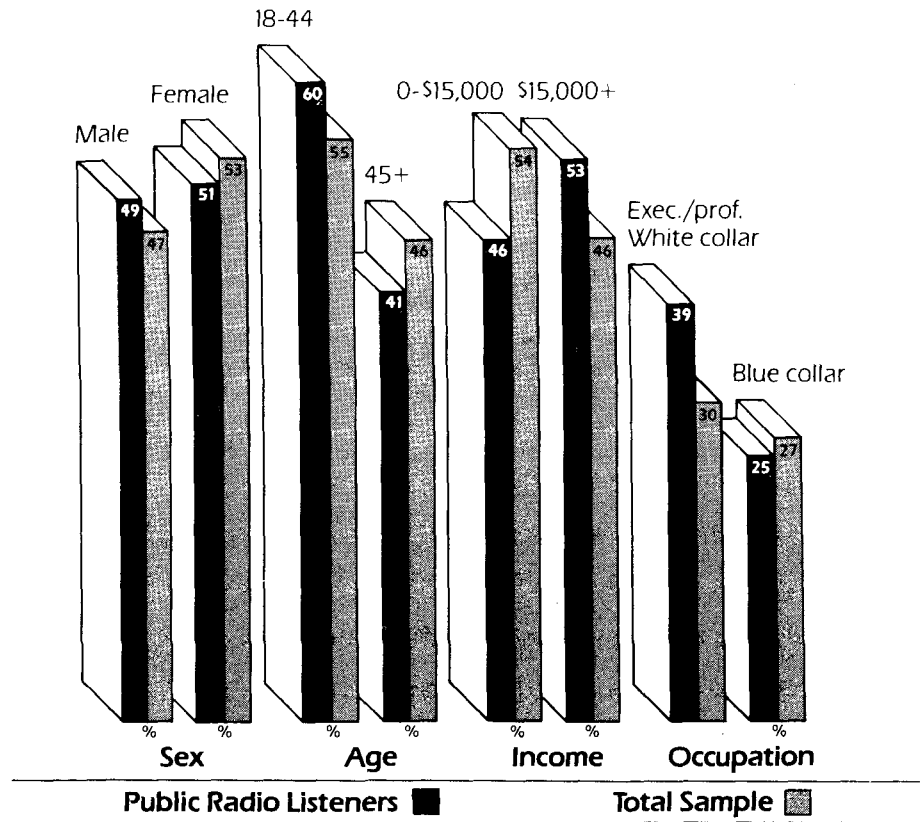

This graph is misleading.

Oh, the figures are correct. They come from a recent survey conducted by the Roper Organization. We wanted to compare **National Public Radio's** listening audience to that of the national profile. What we found were only minor variations. For instance, **NPR** attracts more men, and our audience is generally much younger than you might expect. There are also a few surprises in the occupational group. But, on the whole, there are no dramatic differences.

That's why the graph may be misleading.

It would have you believe that people listen to **National Public Radio** the same way they do any other radio service. That just isn't true. **NPR** listeners do not think of us as just background sound. They have switched to **NPR** because their tastes are as diverse as our programming.

What the chart on this page does **not** show you is that some of these statistics represent jazz buffs, as well as opera fans, folk festival advocates, and a lot of people who rate our brand of news and public affairs are among the best information sources in the country. But whether it's opera or news, drama or documentaries, our listeners know that **National Public Radio** provides them with the finest in sound perception.

Everyone listens to radio, and more and more people are discovering public radio every day. All kinds of people. People with one thing in common. People who have found that **National Public Radio** programs support their concern and involvement with all aspects of their local and national communities. They have discovered that public radio is the personal, portable, immediate medium suited to today's lifestyle, and that **NPR** designs programming to respond to their individual needs.

One definition of "public" is, "of, relating to, or affecting all the people." That in itself is a good reason for calling our network of 215 member stations **National Public Radio.** The principal direction of our programming is toward those issues, people, and questions that do, indeed, affect all Americans.

Our programs make us unique. That's the way our audience likes it. We intend to keep it that way.

After all, our middle name **is** "public."

If you'd like more information about National Public Radio, our programs and plans for the future, write to

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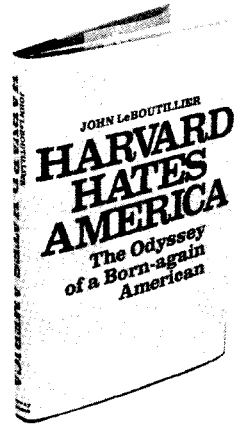

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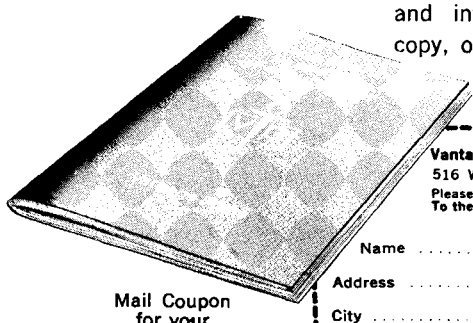

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to ban the SALT that Jimmy Carter is trying to import from Geneva.

Richard Welle
Garvin, Minn.

War Games

I was sorry to see *NR* amplify the *Washington Post*'s contention that Soviet weaponry is superior to Western war technology, based upon two poor NATO maneuvers and an American war game in Texas ["The Week," July 21]. War games aren't the acid test for weapons and tactics. Battle is.

The most recent proxy war between America and Russia, the Yom Kippur War, offered the scenario for a future NATO–Warsaw Pact conflict. The Arabs, like the Pact, enjoyed numerical superiority, the element of surprise, and the best Russian weapons; Israel, like NATO, was relatively under-manned and under-armed. The result: the Syrian army was wiped out and Egypt was forced to sue for peace. If that demonstrates Soviet superiority, I remain to be convinced.

I do not for a moment minimize the threat posed by the Soviet forces, yet neither do I feel the need to downgrade American war technology. Our machines are the least of our worries.

Donald Bridges
La Puente, Calif.

Concerning Mr. Kintner's strategic analysis ["Soviet Morality and U.S. Nuclear Policy," Sept. 1], we should take no comfort in our nuclear submarine fleet. The oceans are quite transparent, and I can assure you that the Soviets know, at any hour of the day or night, exactly where each and every submarine of consequence is. A submarine is far more vulnerable to instant destruction by a very long range nuclear missile than is a land-locked missile in a hardened silo.

Peter L. Krohn
Easton, Pa.

Political Cant

Upon reading your mention of Brian Crozier's *Strategy of Survival* ["Dark Horses," Sept. 15], I sent at once for the book. I found that (on p. 176) Crozier mentions an Italian word—*politicante*—which in Americanized form ought surely to become part of our own language. Thus: POLITICANT—*a politician to whom politics is a self-serving game.*

A wonderful word, all the more applicable since it is inherently opprobrious. No doubt the definition would be extended to include not merely those in politics, but others whose utterances have an impact on public opinion; for instance, Jane Fonda, or Shirley MacLaine. I trust you will put it to use at once.

John C. Robb
San Francisco, Calif.

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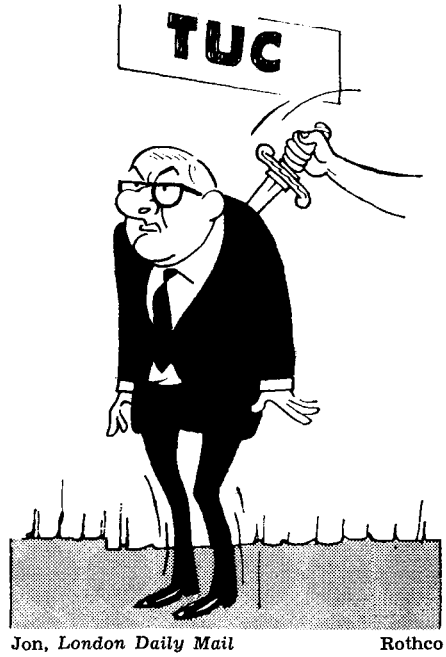
FOR THE RECORD

■ One instant plus for **Jimmy Carter** after the Camp David summit. **George Meany**, whose address to the United Steelworkers convention had been billed as a rip-snorting attack on the Administration, backed away from that, delivered a mild-mannered (for Meany) slap on the wrist instead. . . . UAW President **Douglas Fraser**, who took his union out of the Labor-Management Council in July and called a conference Oct. 17 to discuss Labor's future relationship with the Democratic Party, now says he sees his way clear to supporting Carter for the Presidency in 1980. He says that the President is "better positioned" after Camp David than before to get Labor to go along with him on voluntary wage-price controls. . . . Not mollified is **William Winpisinger**, president of the 900,000-strong Machinists, who says he will go to Detroit on Oct. 17 to discuss new labor options. Meanwhile the Machinists will withdraw financial support from any congressman who votes for the natural-gas deregulation compromise. . . . **Albert Fitzgerald**, former head of UE (Electrical Workers), is retiring from union work, he says, to help organize a third major party to represent "Labor's interests." . . . **Charles Pillard**, also of UE, puts the blame for Labor's legislative defeats this year more on the "ultra-Right" (which has emerged as "the most dangerous, well funded, and well organized enemy we [organized Labor] have ever confronted") than on the White House. . . . Carter himself, savoring approval he hasn't known in a long time, hit the campaign trail with a string of one-liners. On last day of the summit, he told a North Carolina audience, "**Begin** finally said to me, 'Mr. President, Israel will get out of Sinai if you just let me out of Camp David.' "

■ Notes on the gubernatorial Class of '74. In Massachusetts, **Michael Dukakis** is out, a surprise loser in the Democratic primary to **Edward J. King**, who campaigned as a conservative on fiscal and social issues. . . . In Connecticut, the polls show Republican **Ronald Sarasin** hot on the heels of Gov. **Ella Grasso**: Grasso 47 per cent, Sarasin 44 per cent, 9 per cent undecided. . . . In New York, **Hugh Carey** is now reported even with Republican **Perry Duryea**, after trailing by a few points earlier on. A *Newsday* poll puts them both at 46 per cent. . . . In California, Republican candidate **Evelle Younger**, once described as being "exciting as a mashed-potato sandwich," has pulled within five points of Gov. **Jerry Brown**, according to latest **Mervin Field** poll, which also found that many California voters find Brown to be "wishy-washy," "opportunistic," and "inconsistent on Proposition 13." . . . The California ADA, which endorsed Brown in 1974, won't do so this year. Says **Shirley Wechsler** of the ADA: "Brown has no political philosophy. He's not a liberal, not a moderate, and not a conservative. He's strictly into power politics and I think that's dangerous."



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"We're with you up to the hilt, Jim."

■ Old-line Democratic liberals have been stunned by the defeat of Michael Dukakis in Massachusetts and Rep. **Donald Fraser** in a Minnesota Democratic senatorial primary. Says **George McGovern**: "[Those defeats] can't be ignored. You have to say the danger to liberalism is greater than it was." . . . Says **Morris Udall**: "It seems to me that the message to us liberals is to look out, cover all bases, and think new thoughts because we're in a new ball game." . . . Says Dukakis: "There is more than apathy out there. There is real anger. It's a kind of economic know-nothingism and a real frustration." But Dukakis is ready to forgive and forget; not so Donald Fraser who, two weeks after his defeat by fiscal conservative **Robert Short**, still had not endorsed Short. . . . **John Brandl**, an important leader of **Hubert Humphrey**'s old Democratic-Farm-Labor (DFL) party, doesn't think the DFL central committee is going to endorse Short. . . . And that—a massive defection of the party regulars—says **David Broder**, might mean a victory for Republicans in Minnesota's two Senate races this fall—in the home state of **HHH**, **Walter Mondale**, **Eugene McCarthy**.

■ And a couple of White House quips. **Ronald Reagan**, zeroing in on non-alcoholic state dinners and Dr. **Peter Bourne**, comments: "This is the only Administration in history that can truly be called high and dry." Also: Why is the White House unique? "It's the only place where the Keep-Off-the-Grass signs are indoors."

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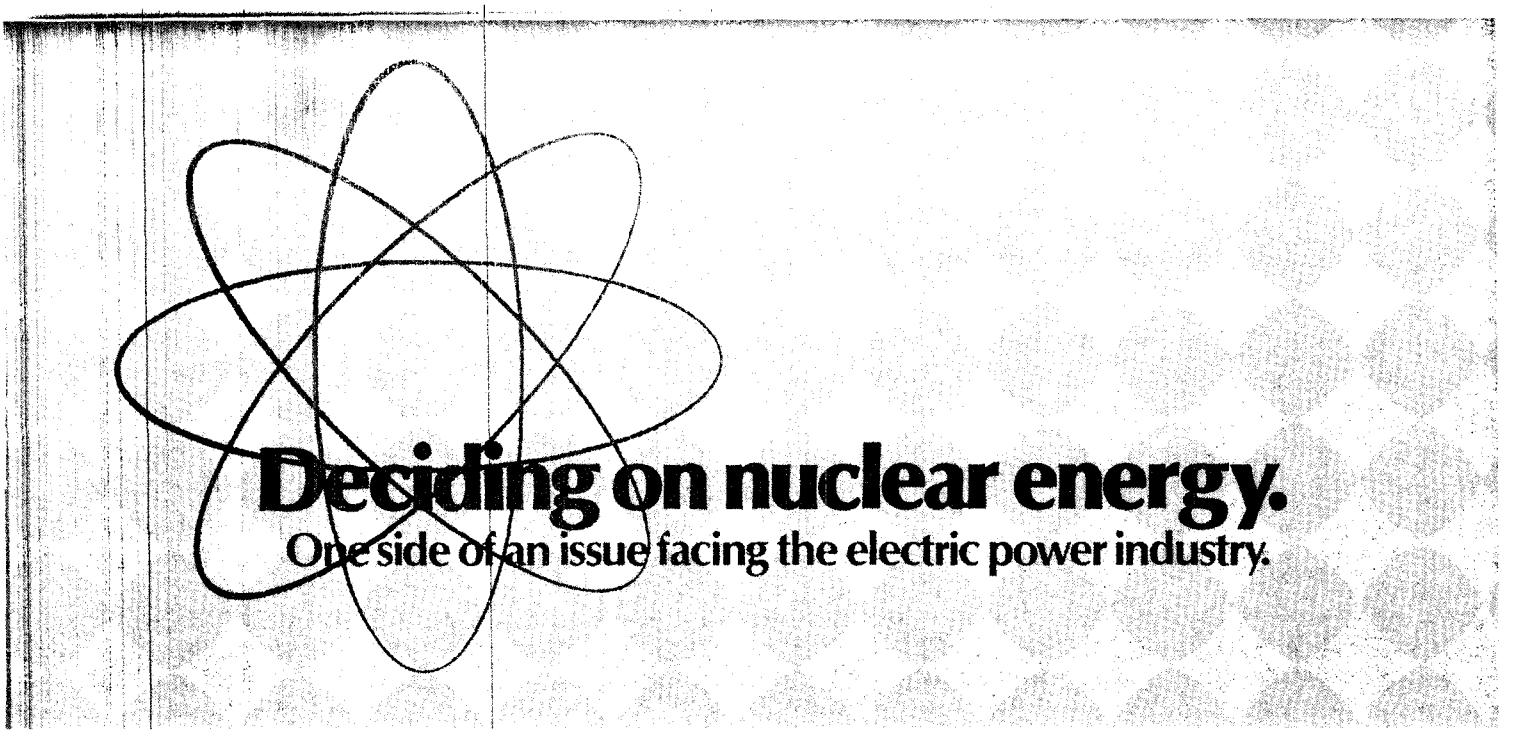

Deciding on nuclear energy.

One side of an issue facing the electric power industry.

Nuclear power is not the energy form of the future. It is very much a part of the present. And important national decisions must be made if it is to continue to make its contribution to energy supply.

Nuclear plants have been generating electricity commercially in the U.S. since 1957. Today, 71 plants provide 12% of this country's electricity—about as much as we get from hydro-electric dams, more than *all* electric power generated in the country in 1946. In some areas, most of the electricity people use is nuclear. 95 more nuclear stations are now under construction. The number of countries with nuclear power programs is now 53.

A clean record

Nuclear generation of electricity has grown because of its safety, reliability and economy. No other industry started with a greater appreciation of potential hazards. None is operated under more stringent occupational and environmental safeguards.

The American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recently reported that, among the principal fuels available for electricity production over the next 25 years, nuclear power has the lowest adverse impact on health.

The near future

Nuclear power makes economic sense in meeting growing energy demands and in reducing the nation's dependence on oil and gas.

Unless we try to rely entirely on coal production for generation, or to shut down the economy until forms like solar power prove affordable, nuclear power will become increasingly important to the near-term well-being of the country.

Nuclear policy

The electric utility industry agrees with the many expert opinions that ultimate disposal of radioactive wastes presents no insurmountable technical problems. Several acceptable methods are available.

But failure of the federal government to implement available nuclear waste disposal technology is being mistakenly seen as an indication that the nuclear waste issue cannot be resolved.

Recently, we urged the Administration to take advantage of extensive, existing technical and scientific knowledge and to implement a program on a rigid schedule to provide a spent-fuel storage facility and a waste repository at the earliest practical time. These steps are necessary to assure the continued operation of nuclear power plants, to minimize the uncertainty that has been slowing down commitments for future nuclear plants in this country, and to separate the waste disposal issue from the licensing of new power plants.

Congress has divided responsibility for the national waste management program among several agencies of the federal government. The Department of Energy, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Environmental Protection Agency have elements of responsibility.

Now, Congress must provide additional effective legislative guidance for the waste management and spent-fuel storage programs.

The long run

Opinion polls repeatedly show that majorities of the American people support the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. Where nuclear plants are in operation, the percentages are even higher.

If we are to be able to take advantage of the economic and energy-supply opportunities presented by nuclear energy, both in the near term and the long term, the federal government will need to take responsible action today.

If you would like to read more about nuclear energy as a source of electricity or learn more about the management of high-level radioactive wastes and spent fuel, write to us: Edison Electric Institute, 90 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016. We will be glad to send you more information.

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THE WEEK

■ According to a National Science Foundation study costing $918,000 in taxes, people who go camping do not like bugs or mosquitoes.

■ When it was formed in 1947, the founders of the World Bank had one goal in mind: to hasten the Free World's recovery from the recently concluded war. In the 31 years since then, the organization has evolved to the point where, under the stewardship of Robert McNamara, it is now helping Communist countries recover from their ongoing wars. *Barron's* reports that the International Development Association (IDA), a division of the World Bank, recently "loaned"—IDA loans run for fifty years, have a ten-year grace period, and carry an interest rate of 0.75 of 1 per cent—$60 million to Vietnam. One of the main purposes of the loan, according to two confidential reports uncovered by *Barron's*, was to collectivize the farmers in what was South Vietnam. By the end of 1980, with the help of the IDA, Vietnam's rulers plan to have completed the forced resettlement of from four to five million of their subjects. Although both confidential reports warn that the farmers may resist resettlement, perhaps the World Bank will solve this problem by earmarking a few million for re-education.

■ Queer-baiting is in the air, and California's Proposition 6 will make it possible to fire teachers and other school employees for "advocating, soliciting, imposing, encouraging, or promoting private or public sexual acts between persons of the same sex in a manner likely to come to the attention of other employees or students." No doubt homosexual activists have helped provoke this sort of thing with specious claims of "rights," and Proposition 6 may primarily serve the function of showing that a community can still affirm its norms. Still, it seems unnecessary and overwrought. Real problems can be handled individually under present rules. Here's hoping Proposition 6 will lose, but that the close shave will finally persuade the love that dare not speak its name to shut its mouth.

■ Ted Kennedy just picked up a non-voting delegate named Brezhnev. Visiting Moscow, the renowned U.S. philanthropist was allowed to hold a televised press conference, received the calculated reward of fifty released Gulagites, and even got a few Jews out. He had an audience with the Number One Gangster and sports-car collector. He then pronounced: the Soviets are sending "positive signals" through him. He promised us that a new SALT agreement will be forthcoming. All this presents Chairman Hua with a thorny problem. Should Hua come out for Carter? Should he come out for Reagan or Kemp? The lights are burning late in Peking tonight.

■ The District of Columbia finished counting the votes in its Democratic mayoral primary after a mere 12 days: 7,000 votes didn't register the first time around, there was one call for a new election, and everything seemed like old times. In 1972, the election count was delayed two hours when computer cards swelled from humidity and wouldn't fit into the machines. In the 1974 primary, the count also took 12 days, and the election board ended up doing it by hand. In 1976, during an election for the Advisory Neighborhood Commissions, two ballot boxes slipped off a truck and were retrieved only by chance. Also in 1976, a flood of improperly marked ballots delayed the tallies for delegates to the national conventions for thirty hours. The first priority of the District's new senators should be to petition the Federal Government for voting machines.

■ The House Assassination Committee labored, labored, and delivered a mouse. Those who were skeptical about the official versions of the Kennedy and King killings will remain skeptical. Most people accept the official versions. The hearings, as congressional hearings go, were relatively sober—and this may be the big news after the controversy-laden inception of the Committee. There occurred some drama, alternately moving (John Connally's account of the Dallas shooting), painful (Marina caught in the whole web, reliving the incommensurate), acrimonious (the Helms questioning), and bizarre (Castro's taped denial—did anyone expect a confession?—that he had ordered the Kennedy murder). A couple of conclusions: a) James Earl Ray looked guiltier than ever, which is saying a lot; b) Oswald shot Kennedy, seemingly on his own, but unanswered questions remain, such as those revolving around the KGB defector Yuri

When the Cheering Stopped

It was a happy moment,
  Or so it seemed last week;
The Congress cheered to see Sadat
  Buss Begin on the cheek.
Then, as he has so often,
  Vance took off, heading east,
Like Coleridge's mariner
  Who stalked the wedding feast.
Though Jimmy's Gallup ratings
  Worked briefly toward the top,
They're down again—along with Vance,
  Who's working with the mop.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM NEWARK

Step through the time warp and you're right in the middle of the Bill Bradley campaign. Remember charisma? Remember when the Federal Government could do *much more*? Remember when union labor was victimized by management? Remember enthusiasm for new Cabinet departments? This campaign is so quaintly old-fashioned it should be an exhibit at Old Sturbridge Village.

But give Bradley some credit. He has picked the right state. Bill Bradley was an All-American at Princeton and a member of championship teams with the New York Knicks. He is, the polls suggest, the best-known white basketball player in New Jersey. And that just might be enough to win him a Senate seat from this curious state. For New Jersey may be the last major state with a pre-electronic-media style of politics. It has within its borders not a single commercial television station. Thus, if a candidate seeks to make himself and his views well-known, he must buy time from out-of-state broadcasters, in New York and Philadelphia. One glance at a map confirms how much damage this can inflict on a campaign budget: the candidate must pay for three viewers from New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania for every voter from New Jersey.

Thus the pivotal question in the most important Senate race at stake in 1978: Can Bill Bradley hold on to his lead against the determined challenge of his less-well-known but hard-charging opponent, Republican Jeffrey Bell?

Bell is everything Bradley is not. Bell is not only well-informed, but quick-smart. His stump speeches are small gems of political articulation. He comes out with bursts like this: "When you tax something, there is going to be less of that thing in the future. When you subsidize something, there is going to be more of that thing in the future. In this country, and in this state, we are taxing work, investment, savings, growth, and production to an unprecedented degree, and we are getting less of all those things. We are giving unprecedented subsidies to unemployment, debt, welfare, and mediocrity, and we're getting more of all those."

As this quotation suggests, Bell has got hold of the tax-cut issue and is giving it a good ride. It is the centerpiece of his campaign, and he has reinforced its significance by importing congressional tax-cutters Jack Kemp, Bill Roth, and Bill Steiger.

Bell's opportunity becomes most visible in his joint appearances with Bradley. The comparison between them is, to most audiences, a jolt. Bell, the unknown, is at home with issues and public-policy nuances. Bradley, the well-known candidate, seems to be reciting passages from the 1960 Democratic platform. In addition, Bradley suffers from a slightly punchy speaking style. The suspicion creeps in that he found life's major satisfactions running around gymnasia in satin shorts. (To counter such impressions, and to emphasize his other interests, Bradley's early campaign biographies listed jobs he had *declined*—Teddy Kennedy had offered him a congressional committee job, Jimmy Carter wanted him to join the Peace Corps, etc. This resumé-fattening technique has recently been discarded.)

Bell is not without his own campaign problems, of course. In day-to-day campaigning, he's no Maurice Chevalier. On a recent walking tour through downtown Newark, Bell set a world-record pace, dashing by startled voters before they could fix either the name or the face. But with the lubrication of increasing recognition, he's beginning to enjoy himself. In suburban Verona, he even entered a pizza-tasting with gusto, mugged for pictures, pronounced the product "excellent." Asked if he preferred pizza to blintzes or egg rolls, Bell responded in mock-Nixon cadence: "Well, this is a great pizza. But I wouldn't want to compare it with the blintz or the egg roll. They're very different, you know."

Bell's serious problem is the economics of television advertising. He must find the money to buy New York and Philadelphia spots. With former Treasury Secretary William Simon heading his fund-raising effort and Ronald Reagan's expert handling direct-mail, the Bell campaign is gathering force. His first post-primary spots went on the air last week. Tag line: "California had Proposition 13. New Jersey has Jeff Bell."

A few paragraphs back we referred to Bell-Bradley as the most important Senate race in the country this year. This judgment is based on the perception, shared by pros in both parties, that Bell and Bradley are men who can "make a difference." As the GOP sees it, Bell will not only vote as a sound conservative, but, wise in the ways of the Hill system, will know how to allocate his own time and talent. He could join the Orrin Hatch/Harrison Schmitt/Malcolm Wallop/Richard Lugar bloc that is learning how to win the close ones. On the other side of the aisle, Bradley will understand the value of team-play. One can picture him fitting in quickly with Colorado's Gary Hart, Delaware's Joe Biden, and other members of the Senate's liberal bloc.

Either Bell (at 34) or Bradley (at 35) could make a difference for a long time.

—CATO

Nosenko; c) the decisions of the Warren Commission resist refutation, which is something you can't say about the Warren Court; and d) quite a surprising number of material witnesses have shuffled off this mortal coil.

■ The House passed it, 363 to 8. The President hailed it as a harbinger of "lower fares, more passengers, and record profits." The object of their enthusiasm was an altogether modest dose of free enterprise, administered to the airline industry. The House bill (a stronger version having already been approved by the Senate) permits airlines to open one new route in 1979 without prior approval by the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB); gives airlines greater flexibility in raising and lowering fares; and provides for the demise of the CAB itself by 1983, unless it can justify its continued existence. Department of Energy, please copy.

■ Tentative congratulations, plus continuing good wishes, to Hillsdale College, still fighting the Good Fight. Hillsdale has won an initial decision against academic califanoization: a federal judge has ruled that HEW may not cut off routine funds (GI Bill and stu-

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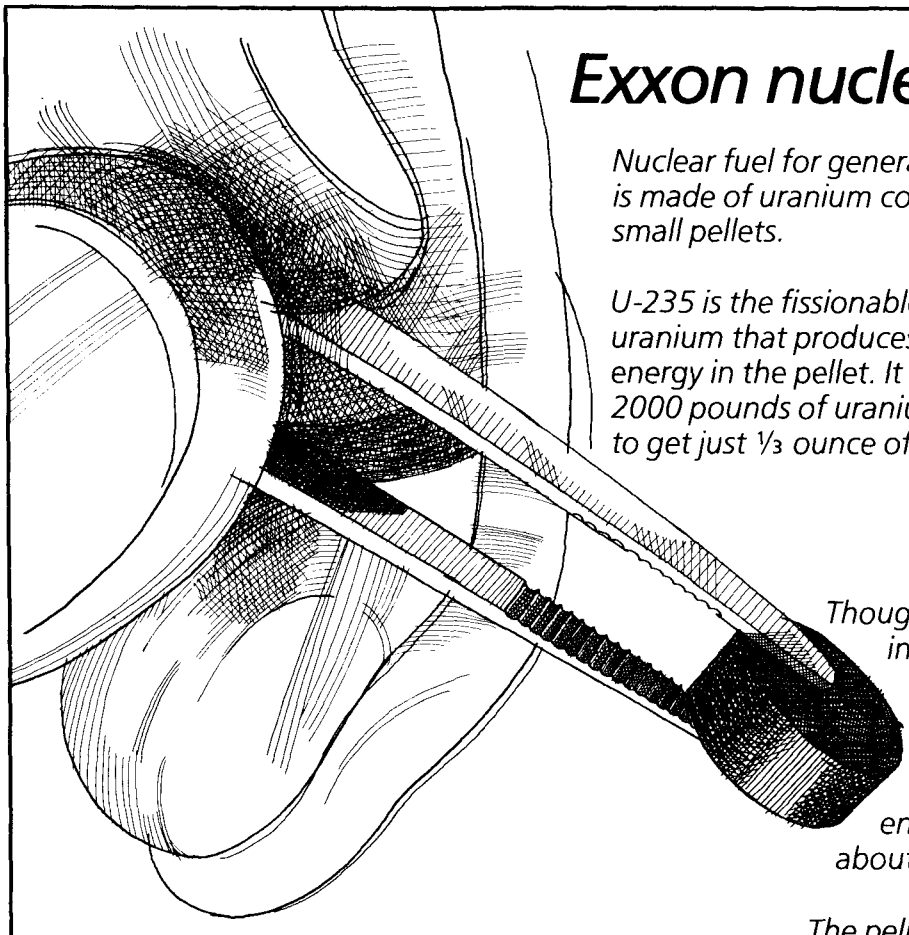
EXXON ILLUSTRATED

Exxon nuclear fuel.

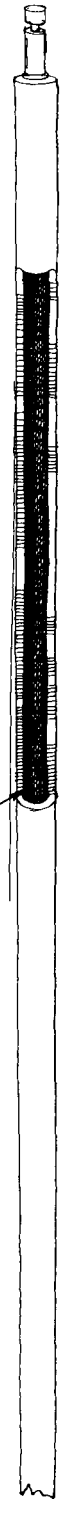
Nuclear fuel for generating electricity is made of uranium compressed into small pellets.

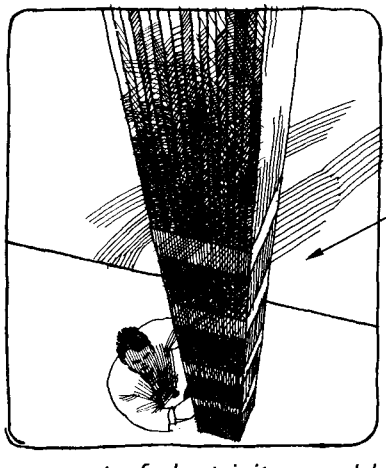
U-235 is the fissionable isotope in uranium that produces most of the energy in the pellet. It takes about 2000 pounds of uranium-bearing rock to get just ⅓ ounce of U-235.



Though less than ½-inch in diameter, nuclear fuel pellets are power-packed. Each pellet contains the energy equivalent of about 100 gallons of oil.

The pellets are sealed in long metal tubes or fuel rods.





The rods are grouped together in bundles or assemblies. Each rod must be exactly positioned and spaced within the assembly.

It takes some 200 nuclear fuel assemblies to make up the core of one modern reactor.

Annual electricity production from this reactor can meet the present average electrical needs of over 750,000 American homes. If generated by fossil fuels, this amount of electricity would require 10 million barrels of oil or 3 million tons of coal.

By 1990, nuclear fuel could provide about 30% of total U.S. electricity demand.

Energy for a strong America. EXXON

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Paradise Regained

In Massachusetts, where officials jeer,
"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,"
The native population gave the axe
To Governor Dukakis and his tax.
From White House down to courthouse, they allow
The stupefied reaction has been, "Wow!"
Since what occurred seemed as unlikely as
St. Peter chanting liturgy in jazz.
Thanks to a right-wing Democrat named King,
Dukakis has his buttocks in a sling.

W. H. VON DREELE

dent loans, for instance) to students merely because Hillsdale, which spurns federal assistance, refuses to submit to affirmative action "guidelines." Judge Herbert L. Perman called HEW's attempt to hit the college through the students "an abuse of discretion, arbitrary and capricious." This admirable decision, alas, is still subject to review—within HEW itself. Better cross your fingers.

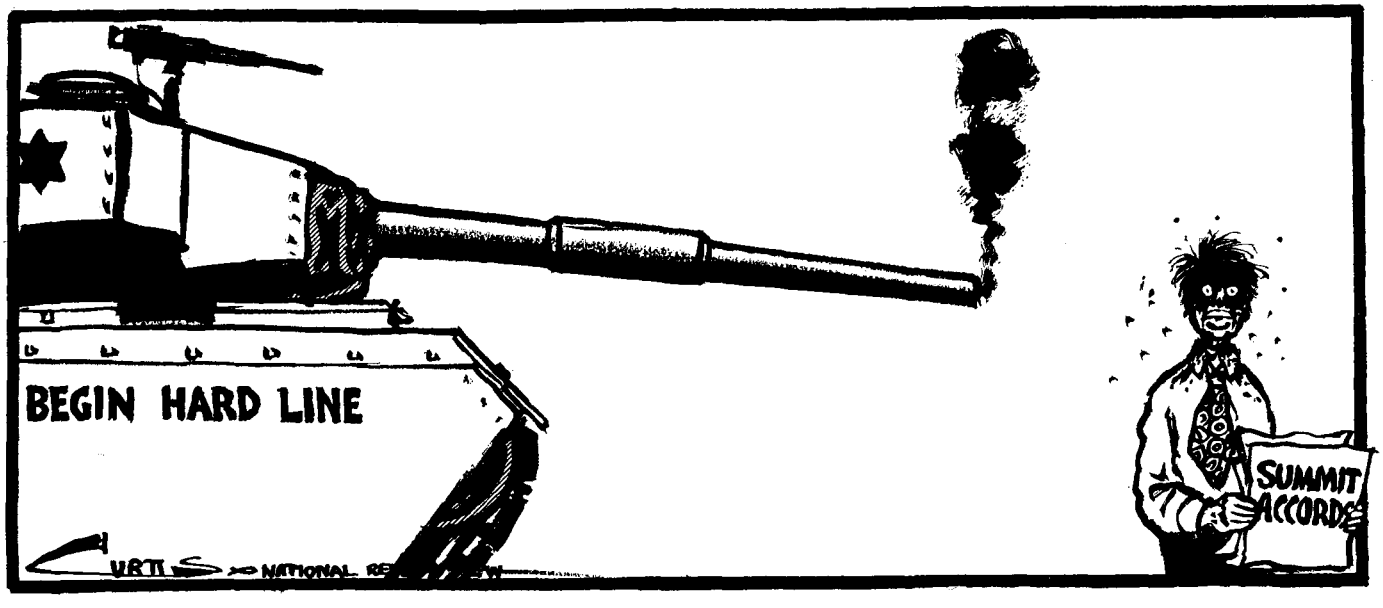
■ Presidential advisor Robert Strauss now suggests a Camp David-type summit on inflation. Carter should pass. He got away with the first one because the United States is, after all, more powerful than Egypt or Israel. But the National Association of Letter Carriers?

■ California voters will soon be offered another proposition—Proposition 5. If a majority of them vote Yes on November 7, California will have enacted the toughest anti-smoking law in the country, restricting smoking in most public places. Since 77 percent of voters polled favor restrictions on public smoking, Prop 5 is close to a sure thing. The wags are saying that the next proposition will be to divide the state in two; smoking, and non-smoking.

■ At one point, early in the Nicaraguan uprising, General Somoza claimed that "only a small majority" in one area opposed him. If he stays on three more months, let alone three more years, the radical Left groups that triggered the terrorism will progressively strengthen their position among the opponents of the regime—of which there are many, running from conservative to liberal. Sadly, history proves that such inchoate, unorganized strata can often be manipulated and then subjected by extremists. It is not to join a jackal chorus to observe that Somoza's withdrawal now could obviate a more dangerous situation later. Perhaps, within the context of U.S. mediatory cooperation, which Somoza has accepted, a graceful way can be found, not only for Somoza to retire, but for responsible elements to organize a new government.

■ Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda, heart-throb of American liberals and one of the front-line African rulers the Carter Administration is relying on to bring majority rule peacefully to Rhodesia, has acted to ensure that he will remain on the front line. At a meeting of Zambia's ruling party, the United National Independence Party, Kaunda succeeded in amending the party's constitution to read that all the party's presidential candidates must have been party members for five years. All this qualification does is ensure that the stalwart of African democracy will have no rivals in Zambia's forthcoming presidential elections. Why doesn't the press refer to him as the African Somoza?

■ Two views of the Soviet Union. 1) "The modern history of the Czech and Slovak peoples convincingly con-



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firms that only cooperation and fraternal alliance with the Soviet Union can safeguard our national freedom and independence. We shall never forget that it was the Soviet Union that liberated our country from Nazi enslavement, and that without the USSR Czechoslovakia would not exist as an independent state. The course of history has taught our people where to look for a reliable, true ally" (from a front-page article in *Rude Pravo*, the official newspaper of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia on August 21, 1978, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of Liberation Day, August 21, 1968). 2) *Q*. (Of General Pyotr Grigorenko, a Soviet dissident recently released from a labor camp and permitted to emigrate): "What characterizes a religious dissident?" *A*. "A religious dissident in the Soviet Union is a person who practices his faith. It is that simple" (*Human Events*, September 9).

■ Mr. Carter announces without embarrassment that there will be massive changes made to correct the monumental failure of federal urban aid programs, at mind-boggling expense. Watch this space for a grim smile a few years hence when the next failure of the program is corrected.

■ HEW has ruled that the practice of officials of the National Institute of Drug Abuse of awarding millions of dollars in contracts to their friends and relatives is not illegal, but does give a "substantial appearance of impropriety." What we need is a National Institute of Tax Abuse, armed with tar and feathers.

■ You can't allow *too* much competition. The Florida State Beverage Division has arrested the Anheuser-Busch Company for giving away free beer in 18 bars to college students visiting Daytona Beach. Turns out it is "unfair competition" and illegal to give out free beer in Florida. Anheuser-Busch faces $1,000 fines on each of the 18 counts, and the bars can also be fined $1,000 each. Next winter we're going to Arizona.

■ Police in St. Louis, on a mission to train dogs to sniff out bombs, planted a couple of pounds of dynamite under the bumper of a civilian car in an airport parking lot. Before the police and dogs could get there, the owners retrieved their car and drove off. They have not yet been located, but should be found soon in Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and central Arkansas.

■ It is revealed that of the $200 million Congress voted to help low-income people pay their heating bills, $631,000 went to Puerto Rico.

■ Federal Judgess Constance Baker Motley has found that it is, yes, unconstitutional for the New York Yankees to ban female reporters from their locker room. The no-dames rule puts Lois Lane at a "competitive disadvantage" with Clark Kent, which as anyone can see is a clear violation of the equal protection and due process and you-don't-love-me clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment. Commented a Yankee catcher: "Eeeeeek!"

■ Amtrak is throwing away 96,000 sandwiches. Seems the FDA started a nasty rumor that Amtrak's nitrogen packaging process, which gives the sandwiches longer shelf life, could cause botulism poisoning, notwithstanding that nobody has found any botulism and that four research laboratories pronounced the process perfectly safe.

■ It is reported that President Carter signed a White House birthday card last December 9 for a congressman whose birthday was December 11. The card was delivered on July 21 by special messenger.

Camp David: Sequelae

In a way, Israel's continuing insistence that Premier Begin agreed only to a three-month freeze on West Bank settlements reveals the potential strength—rather than the opposite—of the Arab position, if the Arabs will but use it. Depending on point of view, the Camp David papers are a framework of fixed positions (Israel) or a launching pad for movement (Arabs). As the party that must withdraw, Israel naturally wants to withdraw to prepared positions, and Camp David offers several possibilities (the settlements question, for instance). It is in the Arab interest to start movement that will attain its own momentum and serve to shape the process of withdrawal. Sadat understands this. Let us hope Jordan and Saudi Arabia do also.

Assume that Sadat successfully leads his country to peace with Israel. Already, the Israeli Cabinet has voted to withdraw the Sinai settlements, and by the time this is in print the Knesset will have approved everything. Despite public grumbling, the Saudis seem willing to continue economic aid to Egypt. Imagine, then, the pressure on King Hussein to acquiesce in the process, even though he recognizes that it will continue for years. During those years Jordan will increasingly influence developments in the expanding autonomy of the West Bank, even as Egypt will in Gaza.

Now imagine the pressure on Israel were it, in this context, to resume establishing *new* settlements in the autonomous West Bank against the objections of virtually everyone, not least the United States. Even accepting Begin's rigid interpretation of the moratorium on settlements, its very rigidity is its weakness if it has to be applied in a context of spreading autonomy and peace. In his speech calling for Knesset ratification of

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Camp David, Begin reiterated the three-month limitation and went on to say that *existing* settlements would be expanded. Very well, but that allows him to withhold *new* settlements, thus appeasing his fellow Camp David negotiators, while appeasing the Israeli expansionists by enlarging existing ones. Intended or not, this loophole permits movement to take place.

In a sense, the same applies to Jerusalem, the final prepared rear-guard position. Both Sadat and Begin have protected their legal position. It is pointless *at this time* to speculate on what detailed resolution could be made of this contentious issue because, as the lines are now drawn, there is no logical middle ground. A resolution of this issue can only *emerge* far down the road in the political and psychological context to be created by the momentum of the progress toward peace. (See also "On the Right," page 1302.)

The Israelis rightly stand on a strategy of measured withdrawal to fixed positions, assessing the situation at each stage before moving. We should not seek to press them beyond the logic of an orderly withdrawal. The Arabs should follow the politics of movement, pressing the process as they can to maintain the momentum, but not to destabilize Israel. This is the opportunity Sadat has perceived and offered, thereby promising an alternative to the sterile, ingrained religious, legalistic, romantic images which have hitherto confined the Arabs behind impossible fixed positions.

Not surprisingly, Jordan and the Saudis are keeping the old fixed positions in reserve while politely listening to Secretary Vance. But, barring an assassination or coup (which one can never discount in the Middle East), there is good reason to believe that the momentum generated by the Egypt-Israel treaty will gather strength and speed and, when the time comes, that Israel (whoever may be premier) will measure up to it.

A Primer

Considered purely as politics, the events of the last fortnight were instructive. By August, Carter's popularity had plummeted to Trumanesque levels. Democratic candidates suffered amnesia whenever the occupant of the White House was mentioned. Then came Camp David, and a newly invigorated Carter stumped the country, boosting fellow party members and blasting the Republicans' biggest issue—tax cuts, specifically the Kemp-Roth bill. Carter insisted that "we can cut taxes substantially" and looked forward to a $20-billion reduction soon to be sent him by Congress. But a 33 per cent cut over three years, as proposed by Kemp-Roth, would choke essential government services and "add . . . to the property tax burden."

A few maxims suggest themselves.

1. In domestic matters, it is probably impossible for a modern President to avoid seeming contemptible about half the time. The responsibilities of the office, and the scrutiny accorded it, have both swollen to the point where it is a no-win game.

2. Foreign policy, on the other hand, is still trump. An adroit President can call on his power in this area to pull himself out of his domestic doldrums.

3. All politicians dissemble, but only Democrats are good at it. Carter's tax strategy is typical—steal what you can, and defame whatever is left. Similar approaches, more heavily weighted toward stealing, are being adopted by other Democrats. Jerry Brown, after opposing Proposition 13 all the way up to the vote, now embraces it; while in Minnesota and Massachusetts, politicians less supple have been replaced in primaries. All of which indicates that the Democrats, as we know them, are here to stay.

4. Unless, of course, the turnaround required to take advantage of the tax issue is so violent as to give them the political bends. The long Democratic reign, of nearly five decades, has taken place within the context of a general acceptance of the notion of expansive government. The tax revolt, if genuine, signals a revolutionary attitude. Whoever is best able to exploit it will benefit.

Defense Bill Confusion

President Carter's veto of the Defense authorization bill, a move said to have been inspired by PR advisor Jerry Rafshoon and designed to show leadership, instead presents us with one more example of conceptual confusion at the highest levels of the White House.

Carter argues that he vetoed the bill because of his opposition to the large *Nimitz*-class nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. But Carter proposes to build instead a new CVV-class carrier which actually would be less cost-effective, especially in the long run.

The cost of a CVV has been put officially at $1.575 billion. A new *Nimitz* would cost $2.198 billion. But $268.4 million in lead funds have already been spent on the projected *Nimitz*, which in any case was to have been

Art Metal Has It Made

They make desks in Newark
For the GSA;
They shipped thirty thousand
Just the other day.
Though the clerks turn purple
Pulling at each drawer,
GSA directors
Ordered thousands more.

W. H. von Dreele

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the last one of its class constructed. At best, therefore, Carter has "saved" $355 million by his veto on this issue, the cost of a single destroyer. The CVV is only two-thirds as large as the *Nimitz*, carries two-thirds the number of planes, and can operate only half as long without being re-supplied. If indeed a new CVV is constructed, it certainly should be called the *Rafshoon.*

The defense authorization bill, however, had a double focus. Whichever carrier is built, it will continue the traditional emphasis on a few large and expensive ships. The authorization bill, in contrast, broke new ground. It proposed to move in the direction of smaller, less expensive carriers which we can build in relatively large numbers, plus a program to develop new and more mobile naval weapons systems. As Senator Gary Hart put it, this bill "resolves, finally, the carrier issue—for this year and years to come. It marks the point of transition from the old to the new. It puts the future of naval aviation on a sound conceptual basis, and permits us to shift our future attention to other pressing defense issues." He added: "At no time has the Administration, officially or unofficially, presented any plan for the long-term future of naval aviation."

The Carter veto looks to have been a PR move made in ignorance of the larger issues involved and saving, if anything, small change.

ACLU Strikes Again

In a suit being heard in Brooklyn, the ACLU and Planned Parenthood are contending that the Hyde amendment is unconstitutional, because, don't you see, a woman who believes in abortion and can't get the government to buy her one is thereby denied "free exercise of religion." Worse yet, the plaintiffs are inspecting Congressman Hyde's mail for tipoffs of "excessive" involvement by religious groups. Such tipoffs include frequent use of the word "baby" where a normal person would say "fetus," and letters dated on Sundays, when ecclesiastical conspiracies tend to peak.

The logic is desperate. If a woman believes in abortion on religious grounds, one might as well argue that to subsidize her abortion would be to establish religion. And nobody has yet argued that the First Amendment requires us to spend public monies to build churches for poor congregations.

What is really sinister about the ACLU–Planned Parenthood approach, as George Will points out, is the effort "to sniff out disqualifying motives," and specifically to stigmatize religious motives in particular. Never mind the secular reasons for opposing abortion. Nothing in the Constitution, tradition, or common sense requires that religious motives be suppressed. Part of the meaning of religious freedom, after all, is that we are free to act on our convictions within the law, whether in public or private life. The abolitionist cause is not discredited by the fervent religion of its advocates.

Perhaps it is time for a Christian Emancipation Act. As Will sums up: "Having struggled to free the Nazis from legal restraints, the ACLU is now seeking to inhibit the involvement of religious groups in public affairs."

Building Recession

Apologists for inflationary policies have engaged in a systematic distortion of the case for fiscal and monetary restraint. A reduction in federal spending, says Barry Bosworth, means "throwing some people out of work in hopes that a couple of million more unemployed will stop workers from asking for wage increases." The notion that inflation occurs only in labor markets, and that heavy Treasury borrowing always creates jobs, is Bosworth's strange theory, not that of his critics. On the contrary, failure to limit the increase in federal spending means higher taxes, higher interest rates, lower employment, and the distortions of inflation that invariably end in recession.

The *New York Times*, back when it was publishing, editorialized that monetary restraint wouldn't help either, because it "would have no impact on cattle slaughters, beef prices, or the rain in California, which are the causes of our new woes." The implication that prices reflect only supply, not demand, and that the recommended "incomes policy" would have a beneficial effect on beef prices (as in Phase IV) is the *Times*' strange theory, not that of its critics. Moreover, the acceleration of inflation has not been confined to food. Wholesale prices of non-food finished goods rose at an 8.2 per cent rate in January through May, compared with 4.9 per cent in 1976, 6.1 per cent in 1977. Consumer prices of services, which make up two-thirds of the economy, have been rising at double-digit rates for several months.

The *New York Times* had a lapse into sanity a month earlier when an editorial explained that "generalized fiscal stimulus . . . can backfire by generating inflation and, finally, another recession." The sooner the Administration spokesmen likewise acknowledge that runaway federal spending threatens another recession, the better the chances of minimizing the damage their advice has already done.

RSVP

In a move that only the most imaginative could construe as a vote of confidence for the Administration's Rhodesia policy, 27 U.S. senators have extended an invitation to visit the U.S. to the four leaders of Rhodesia's Executive Council—Ian Smith, Bishop Muzorewa, the Reverend Sithole, and Chief Chirau—the very same

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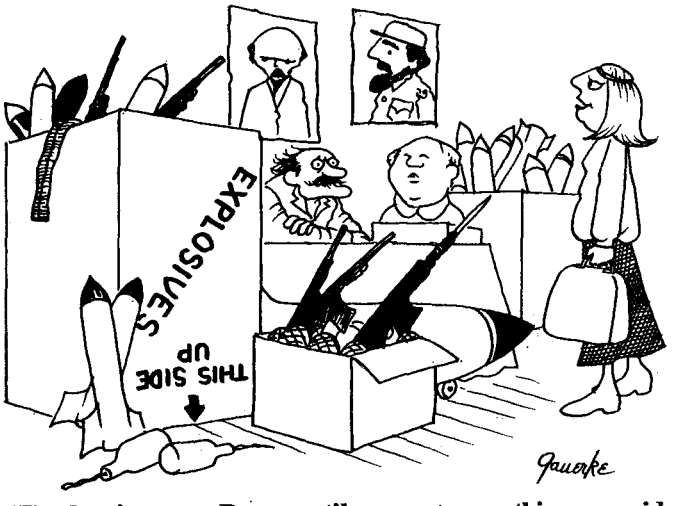
Rhodesians the Carter Administration, the Callaghan government, and the leaders of the African front-line states are working to keep out in the cold. Two of the leaders—Smith and Sithole—quickly accepted the invitation, and on September 20 applied for visas. So far the State Department has yet to act on the request. Coming as it does so soon after the Patriotic Front slaughter of most of the survivors of the recent plane crash, the State Department's hesitation is as politically understandable as it is unjustified.

Smith and Sithole would be treated to much media exposure—the major networks have already tried to arrange interviews—and the Administration is undoubtedly alarmed lest the two might manage to kindle further opposition to the external solution that Andrew Young and friends have worked diligently to impose on Smith and the other members of the Executive Council.

But the 27 senators intend to keep the heat on. In an effort to budge the State Department, Senator Hayakawa, one of the 27, has issued a statement advising the Administration against the dangers of listening with only one ear, the one turned toward the Soviet-backed Mugabe and Nkomo. "I do not believe," said Hayakawa, "that partial deafness enhances our commitment to human rights." Although our UN Ambassador may not think so, not a few Americans believe we should be as sensitive to the human rights of Rhodesian moderates as we are to those of Rhodesian guerrillas.

Capital Losses

Senator Long has badly garbled the House bill that would have indexed the capital gains tax and limited the maximum rate to 35 per cent. The Long plan would instead tax 30 per cent of capital gains at income tax rates, but the remaining 70 per cent could be subject to a minimum tax of up to 25 per cent. This concentrates the rate reduction in lower tax brackets where the tax rate is already relatively low.



"I'm leaving you, Dave, until you get over this paranoid notion that the F.B.I. and C.I.A. are keeping files on you."

The Long plan would perpetuate the powerful disincentive preventing high-income investors from acquiring shares in new firms with the hope of seeing the firms grow. It would also continue the damaging incentive to keep funds locked into established firms, rather than realizing gains and re-investing in growing firms. Without the increased turnover and volume of investing that would occur only under the House bill, tax revenues would decline rather than increase.

The apparent loss of indexing is particularly inexcusable. There is no ethical or economic justification for taxing illusory gains that simply keep pace with a shrinking dollar.

Sheik Trudeau?

Rumors of a Mideast-sized oil discovery sent Dome Petroleum stock into orbit this month. If speculators are right, the company may have found more oil under the Canadian Arctic Ocean than is known to exist in either Prudhoe Bay or the rest of Canada. Such a find would do more than enrich Dome's backers: it could decisively alter the balance of political power in Canada. Already some of Canada's politicians are behaving as if they think Dome's three wildcats have rewritten Canada's energy script.

In recent years, Canada's energy policy has encouraged large-scale exploration and development by giving producers realistic tax and pricing policies. This successful approach was owing less to Ottawa's enlightenment than to the virtual veto held by Alberta Tory Premier Lougheed through that province's constitutional right to turn off the taps supplying 80 per cent of Canada's oil and gas. Meanwhile, consumers in Ontario have seen their energy prices skyrocket.

Pierre Trudeau twice threatened to call a federal election this year, but now seems likely to wait until his term expires next spring. His reason: polls show him unable to win a national majority because the oil-producing areas of the West are solidly Tory, offsetting Trudeau's monolithic support in Quebec; Ontario, which has one-third of all seats in Parliament, is up for grabs.

With Ontario clearly the election battleground, the recent Ottawa announcement that it was backing out of the agreement with the provinces on oil and gas prices is certainly understandable. Ottawa claims deregulation of natural gas could lead to a 40 per cent *drop* in wellhead prices; thereby lowering heating costs in Ontario substantially.

Surprisingly, Alberta did not react to the Ottawa announcement with its customary hairy-chested defiance.

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Lougheed simply stated his intention of calling an election to give him a mandate to bargain with Ottawa.

Ottawa's bravado and Alberta's caution may indicate a reassessment of their relative strength in energy resources. To date, nearly all Canadian oil and gas has been found within a province. If Dome finds a bonanza in the Arctic, it is on federal land. That could make Trudeau an instant sheik.

It would also put the federal Tories into a difficult situation. The current Conservative representation in Ottawa is heavily Western. Yet the party must carry Ontario to win nationally. If Ottawa applies the screws to the West on energy prices and taxes, the party would be so split that Trudeau could win big.

Those are the stakes in Arctic oil drilling. Big.

James Gould Cozzens, R I P

Only twenty years ago a short list of our top-ranking novelists would surely have included the name of James Gould Cozzens. His short stories and novels had won all the prizes and critical attention a writer could hope for: commercial success as best-sellers, media popularity (a cover story in *Time*), and the prestigious Howells Medal for fiction (for *By Love Possessed*, 1957), awarded every five years by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. *Guard of Honor* (1948), a fine novel by any standard and in any time, received the Pulitzer Prize.

Yet who now reads his novels? Who not yet in middle age has ever heard his name? He is certainly not read in college courses devoted to modern American fiction. His last book, *Morning, Noon, and Night*, received scattered and generally hostile notices when it was published in 1968, a bad year for books as for so many other manifestations of American culture.

Cozzens fell from critical favor because he rejected the fashionable positions of the novelists of the last two decades: fact-and-fiction, *reportage*, propaganda, solipsism, styles ranging from impressionism to surrealism and absurdity. Cozzens' novels attempted to be "just representations" of men and manners in the twentieth century. They exhibit an ideological stoicism, refusing to yield to despair or to trendy nihilism. Cozzens believed that excellence is necessary and possible, and that the abiding virtues are indeed virtues. His best books are about the people of and from that class of Americans, professional people, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, going about their responsible and complicated lives with a sense of duty and compassion, sure of their abstract conviction, but uncertain—as we all are—when the abstract collides with the concrete instance.

Cozzens died on August 9, ten days before his 75th birthday, at a time when some academics were trying to rescue him from oblivion with the release of a critical anthology of his writings. It is too soon to predict the re-emergence of Cozzens as a major figure of American fiction. Still, his books will last because they are true, faithful, and intelligent. Those who know his novels will honor his memory.

J. A. EPPERSON

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Charles Kesler

A tall, earnest young man from Belgium stopped by the office last week to deliver a message from an unexpected source—members of Czechoslovakia's Charter 77 group who read *NR*. This brave courier, who travels to Czechoslovakia several times a year to bring his friends [Charter 77 signatories] books and to smuggle out letters, said that his friends wanted us to know that NATIONAL REVIEW is read behind the Iron Curtain, its spirit cherished, its work applauded. But that lately it has become unavailable. Previously, one of their number would steal copies of *NR* from the American Embassy in Prague and pass them around, *samizdat*-style, to scores of fellow dissidents. But lately the spirit of Helsinki has descended, and the supply has dried up. The Embassy library has apparently stopped subscribing to *NR*, leaving only magazines about motorized harvesters and an occasional *Newsweek* to satisfy the Czechs' hunger for news of the world. They wonder: could *NR* institute its own exiguous Lend-Lease program, and so continue to water the cracks in the asphalt?

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the September 29 issue, I noted your learned discourse on the meaning of the word "retromingent." Without consulting a dictionary, I find that the word most closely approximates the vulgar "pissing into the wind," which definition might solve the apparent biological difficulty.

Your servant,
Gary D. Gross, DDS
N.Y.

Dear Dr. Gross: There is no apparent biological difficulty. The difficulty has to do with vilification-manqué.
Cordially,
WFB

Dear Buckley:

As a student of zoology you may recall that of all retromingent animals, the skunk is *facile princeps*. The retreating skunk, discharging noxious fluid from the peri-

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neal glands in the form of an atomized spray, may not be *mingens* in the strict sense, but in common usage analogy has become identity. Hence a defeated polemicist, retreating in a fog of nasty comments, is a retro-mingent (I would prefer and use "retro-mingenous") fellow, often deserving the label and its splendid implications. The word is indispensable in the amenities of insult.

Very truly yours,
J. N. Morton
Saint Paul, Minn.

Dear Morton: If it is indispensable, how pray have we got on without it? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

NR's so-clever and satirical doggerel man Bill von Dreele has always been metrically perfect. He seems to blow it in the first line here ["Lawyers in droves hate him; docs are morose," from "You Don't Have to Be Jewish to Dislike Jimmy," Sept. 15, 1978] and I can't figure out why he missed it, or an editor, or somebody. Read it aloud. He has one syllable too many in that first line. Try, instead, say: "Lawyers? They hate him; docs are morose . . ."

Norbert W. Kearns Sr.
Howard Beach, N.Y.

(Answer from W. H. von Dreele):

Dear Mr. Kearns:

Many thanks for your comments on my verse. Herewith, and because of your special interest, a short version of my lecture on verse writing.

Poets may ignore precise meter, being poets with, presumably, one finger touching God's. Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," for example, doesn't always scan.

Verse writers, however, *must* write lines that scan, lest they fall into that dreadful category called Doggerel.

"You Don't Have to Be Jewish . . ." is written in dactyls, with three and one-third feet to each of the six lines. Dactyls go, TUM-ta-ta TUM-ta-ta. Thus:

Lawyers in droves hate him: docs are morose. =
TUM-ta- ta- TUM- ta- ta- TUM- ta- ta-TUM

This works out to exactly three and one-third feet, the last "TUM" in the final syllable of "morose" providing that first third of an extra foot. Each of the remaining five lines scans in precisely this way. On the other hand, your verse does *not* scan.

Lawyers? They hate him; docs are morose. . . . =
TUM-ta- ta- TUM- ta- TUM- ta- ta-TUM

This line is missing one-third of a foot in the second foot (after "him"), and is, alas, doggerel.

So endeth the lesson for today.

With best wishes,
W. H. von Dreele

■ Dear Uncle Bill,

Just because I insult you once a year and say something like your friend van den Haag eats aneurysms doesn't mean you have to stop sending me free copies of your lousy novels. Joan reminded me when she didn't get her copy either. I have a good mind to cancel my free subscription to *NR*. But as you know there is a great tradition of compassion in my family and I wouldn't think of kneecapping you over such a trifling matter, at least not without giving you ten days' grace.

I am at work on another book, a series of vignettes entitled *The Crusty Adventures of the Purple Pumpernickel*. Talk about triple-X rated. I sent my mother the first one—"The Purple Pumpernickel Visits the Psychiatrist"—and she sent a copy to the head shrink at the FBI, and stopped talking to me. No, let me be serious. I did write a piece though and will be taking a course on the Short Story this term, and maybe can paste together a collection. Also hope to get up a writing workshop here. The one at Sing Sing was a lot of fun and learning. One of the guys in the workshop won third place in PEN's writing awards contest.

I came across a passage in Tolkien's *Two Towers* the other night. The setting was when Gollum (that lonesome subterranean drollish creature) caught up with the hobbits Frodo and Sam. They seized him and Sam argued that they ought to kill him, when:

> It seemed to Frodo then that he heard, quite plainly but far off, voices out of the past:
>
> What a pity Bilbo did not stab the vile creature, when he had a chance!
>
> Pity? It was pity that stayed his hand. Pity, and Mercy: not to strike without need.
>
> I do not feel any pity for Gollum. He deserves death.
>
> Deserves death. I daresay he does. Many that live deserve death. And some die that deserve life. Can you give that to them? Then be not too eager to deal out death in the name of justice, fearing for your own safety. Even the wise cannot see all ends.
>
> "Very well," he answered aloud, lowering his sword. "But still I am afraid. And yet, as you see, I will not touch the creature. For now that I see him, I do pity him." [p. 281]

Amazing how he comes from a fantastic place to a real place without losing anything vital in the process.

Take care for now. And what the hell happened to the fifty pounds of cocoa leaves I asked you for seven years ago? As always,

Chuck
Charles Culhane
N.Y. State Penitentiary
Stormville, N.Y.

Dear Chuck: With you, I figure time is no object. Cordially,
Bill
—WFB

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Will Iran Collapse?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

CAMP DAVID AND TEHERAN are a long way apart, but last month both were simultaneously enacting scenes from a single geopolitical drama upon which the survival of the West depends. Now and for the rest of this century, the area surrounding and including the Persian Gulf—in particular Saudi Arabia and Iran—is the most important acreage in the world, and what old-fashioned strategists call "the key to the situation." Though the Camp David actors were from Egypt, Israel, and the U.S., the relation of their performance to the future of the Gulf region was what determined its strategic and historical significance.

Saudi Arabia and Iran have the oil reserves without which the Western nations cannot live until, environmentalists *volentibus*, alternative sources of energy are available. Apart from the oil, your globe and atlas will show at a glance why Iran is crucial. Iran is the guardian of the gate. On the north its boundary lies athwart the passage along which, for millennia, the barbarians of the steppes have periodically descended southward to the Gulf and onward toward the Mediterranean and the routes to Africa and Europe. In Afghanistan, on Iran's eastern flank, Soviet influence, strong for several decades, became dominant through the military coup last winter, supported and guided by Moscow. The government of Pakistan, to the southeast, is unstable. Iraq, ruled by the radical wing of Ba'ath socialism, has long been a Soviet client, armed and infiltrated by Moscow. If Iran collapses, the road to the Gulf will lie open before the hordes of our epoch's barbarians, poised now and waiting at the Iranian plateau. The Politburo will have gained a geopolitical spigot by which it can regulate the flow of the Gulf's oil to the West.

Our government, though not all sectors of our people, has understood Iran's role, and has acted, accordingly, to support and strengthen Iran's economy and military forces. On the political front, our government went so far, a few years after World War II, as to help the Iranians eliminate the eccentric, pyjama-wearing, Marxist and pro-Soviet prime minister, Mossadegh.

Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, as Shahinshah of Iran, is the successor to Cyrus. For 37 years he has ruled over the empire which, since the overthrow of Haile Selassie, is the oldest on earth and the only existing monarchy in which the king is in fact both head of state and chief of government. Nevertheless, he is only the second in his family line to sit on the Peacock Throne: his father was a rough general who seized power by coup. This *nouveau royal* status has been a handicap for the Shah in dealing with the present upheaval. He lacks the ancestral legitimacy that, as Shakespeare often stresses, surrounds and protects a king.

Forced Draft to Modernity

The Iranian religion, also, provides no protective cover for the ruler. More than 90 per cent of Iranians belong to the Shiite branch of Islam. Unlike the larger Sunni branch embracing most of the Arab nations, the Shiites assign no religious authority to the temporal ruler. There is, moreover, a Messianic Shiite belief that the twelfth imam (in the line of descent from the Prophet's son-in-law, Ali), who vanished in the tenth century, will return to bring an era of peace and social justice.

Religious authority is exercised by the mullahs and their leaders, the ayatollahs, who are the masters of the mosques and pilgrims' shrines where the devout masses assemble.

Mohammed Reza, known in his younger days for his love affairs, sports, free spending, and elegance, was, like Prince Hal, transformed on becoming king into a hard and somber ruler. He decided on a forced modernization of the land of the Thousand and One Nights. In modernization he included: agrarian revolution to divide the great estates among the peasants; rapid economic and technological development; Westernization of science and culture; political democratization. Since the Shah was in a hurry on the first three goals, he concluded that only a strong authoritarian hand could carry them through on schedule; democratization would have to wait its turn.

On all counts the Shah's program was anathema to the mullahs. They insist, however, that, apart from religious doctrine, they are not conservative (as our media have termed them). They advocate an Islamic socialism. Through the mosques, they claim to be much closer than the Shah to the masses. The outpouring of the masses last month seems to prove the mullahs, who led them, correct.

Fifteen years ago one of the religious leaders, the ayatollah Khomeini, went into exile in neighboring, Soviet-dominated Iraq, whence he has thundered systematically against the Shah. And it is plain how vulnerable an anti-government, messianic, populist socialism is to infiltration linked to the northern colossus. The infiltration has been obvious in the parades of paper-masked Iranian students (and pseudo-students) in big cities of the U.S. and Western Europe, and it was clear enough in the September demonstrations in Iran. Traditionalist Moslems don't push their women forward, don't carry huge signs demanding "Death to the Shah," don't put flowers in the muzzles of soldiers' guns. Those are standard props of the global Left we know so well.

Will the Soldiers Hold?

The Shah's regime has been freer than any other in Iran's history, and he has promised a free election in 1979. But good intentions are not adequate pavement for the heavily mined road from authoritarianism to democracy. The Shah's modernization plus the vast anti-Shah propaganda from many sources has antagonized every social class to one degree or another. The army is about all the Shah has left now. It may decide to try its hand, with or without the Shah, at putting Iran back together again. May try, that is, unless Senator Church, Senator McGovern, and the rest of our own ideologues prefer to watch Iran collapse rather than use the measures that may be needed to stand firm at the northern gate. □

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THE MASSACHUSETTS PRIMARY

One Hand Clapping

DAVID BRUDNOY

BOSTON, SEPT. 20—Three down, one riding high. In his pre-primary analysis of the Massachusetts races (*NR*, September 15), Richard Brookhiser pointed to the maddening paradoxes in this "most liberal state," concentrating on four prominent conservative candidacies. The morning after, following a private visit with a still shaken Senator Edward Brooke in his hotel suite, I find myself, despite 15 years of watching politics here, nearly as puzzled as Brookhiser. We wake today to a repudiated governor, Michael Dukakis, replaced as the Democratic candidate by a big labor/big business conservative, Edward J. King; to a Republican-"designated" gubernatorial candidate, Edward F. King, defeated by a patrician leader, Francis (Frank) Hatch; to the former acting director of President Nixon's Office of Economic Opportunity, Howard Phillips, pulling an insignificant vote at the lower end of the five-man Democratic senatorial roster; and to the darling of the anti-busers, former media personality Avi Nelson, barely deprived of the GOP senatorial nomination by incumbent Ed Brooke.

The Duke is dead, long live the King: we'll be hearing that already shopworn ditty for the next two months, and the Dukakis people may never understand what happened to their champion. The Governor, touted in 1975 and 1976 as something of a neo-conservative—Dukakis always disdained the description—was considered unbeatable even one month ago. He appeared to have an ally in Mother Nature last February, when the worst blizzard in modern times hit the state. Assuming near-dictatorial powers to ease Massachusetts out of the catastrophe, Michael Dukakis earned everyone's praise, dominated the TV screens for a week, and conveyed the impression of total confidence, complete efficiency, benign authority. He faced an opposition party perilously close to extinction (18 per cent of the state's registered voters are Republicans), and a pack of potential Democratic challengers nibbling at him from the Left.

At which point the former director of the multi-faceted port authority, ousted by the predecessor of Dukakis, decided that the governor could be taken from the Right. Edward J. King supports the death penalty, opposes abortion and busing, favors Proposition-13-type tax cuts, and continually reminded us that Dukakis, who had promised never to raise state taxes, imposed new taxes with a vengeance just months after taking office.

After Jarvis-Gann swept California on June 6, Dukakis insisted that Massachusetts was "too sophisticated" to favor such a drastic remedy. When the ballots were counted Wednesday morning Edward J. King emerged as the winner, with 51 per cent in a three-way race.

The Republican Ed King (Edward F. King) was not only indistinguishable from his Democratic counterpart, he thought he could ride to victory on the coat-tails of the Democratic King's ads. Even on election day, a great many Massachusetts voters didn't know one King from the other. The Democrat spent several hundred thousands of dollars to advertise his virtues, while the Republican spent practically nothing in his own race. Frank Hatch virtually ignored Edward F. King, hammered home his belatedly adopted fiscal conservatism, contrasted his genuine social libertarianism with King's social authoritarianism—and carried the day.

HOWARD PHILLIPS blew it. The born-again Democrat, who had called for Nixon's removal in 1974 and later headed the Conservative Caucus, figured that his conservatism would carry him gingerly through to victory in a race crowded with liberals. Howie Phillips branded the three front-runners in the Democratic senatorial race as so many peas in the liberal pod, and dwelled on the fourth candidate's lesbianism. In order to deride retiring state representative Elaine Noble, Phillips imported Anita Bryant to sing on his behalf. But the concert tickets wouldn't sell—of five thousand seats, less than three hundred appear to have been sold, despite weeks of heavy advertising; and a small number of militant homosexuals went whooping against Miss Bryant. This allowed Phillips to cancel the concert and to get what he announced he needed: front-page and prime-time-TV coverage. But while Massachusetts isn't *really* the most liberal state in the Union, Bay Staters were not buying the cynical Phillips ploy. Phillips came in way down, just above Elaine Noble. The Democratic senatorial candidate, by a narrow win (36 to 31 per cent) over State Secretary Paul Guzzi, is Congressman Paul Tsongas. Both are rated perfect by ADA.

AND REPUBLICAN Avi Nelson lost by a hair. Long the most strident (and once the most effective) voice of conservatism in the local media, Nelson discovered in the course of the campaign that he was no longer either a libertarian (he cut his adult teeth on *la* Rand) or a conservative but, instead, "right in the mainstream." Nelson wrapped himself in the shroud of John F. Kennedy, popped up as a fan of Social Security, swore that he would always vote as his constituency wanted whether or not he shared the majority's views, and discovered a brand new human right, the right of 51 per cent of the parents in any school district to determine exactly which books their children could read and which sort of people could teach them.

Nelson pinned his hopes on the hard-core conservative minority in the Republican Party, traditionally estimated at about 40 per cent; and on a massive campaign to get conservative Democrats, particularly those in the most zealous antibusing areas, to register as Independents. As such, they could pick up Republican ballots for the day and vote for their hero. "Independents" *did* pick up Republican ballots on September 19. And voted for Ed Brooke. □

Mr. Brudnoy hosts New England's leading radio talk show on WHDH (ABC) and is critic-at-large and host of "Nightscene" on WNAC-TV (CBS).

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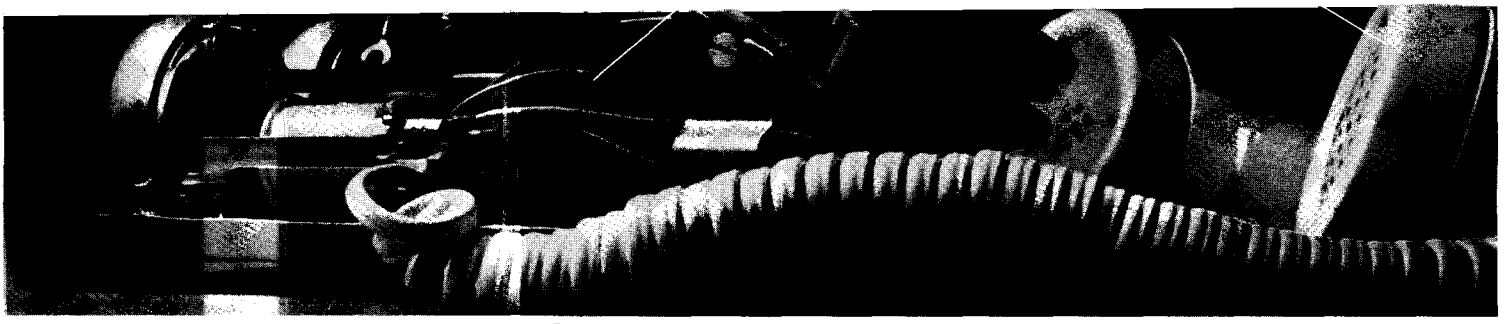

How come when we put it all together, it's only up 18%?

In the last 10 years, the costs of labor and raw materials that go into this telephone have skyrocketed. And yet, the price of the finished product has risen only 18%.

Making it Better.

The explanation is really quite simple. During the same period of time, this telephone has been redesigned literally dozens of times. Western Electric engineers kept discovering ways to make it a little more efficiently. So while our materials and labor costs were going up, we've been able to hold our manufacturing costs down. Not a bad way to cope with inflation.

At Western Electric, cost reduction and other improvements in our productivity don't just happen. They're the result of a systematic and formalized program which has existed for years.

One of the key elements in this program is our Engineering Research Center (ERC). Western Electric is one of the few corporations that has such a facility.

Unlike most research and development centers, its primary purpose is *manufacturing* research.

Working closely with Bell Labs, where most of our products are designed, the ERC has developed new manufacturing processes that have resulted in enormous savings for Western Electric and the Bell telephone companies.

Committed to Cutting Costs.

In the last few years, Western Electric has implemented over 10,000 different ideas to cut costs.

Like the idea developed by two of our engineers to redesign a piece of casing. In its first year it saved $2.3 million.

Or like the idea developed by a team of engineers from Western Electric and Bell Labs that involved a new technique for electroplating our switching equipment. It has saved over $8.5 million in its first year.

In 1977, the net effect of our cost reduction program was a savings of over $200,000,000.

Continuing Innovation.

With cost reductions like these, no wonder our rate of productivity improvement is well ahead of the overall U.S. rate. And it's one reason that during the past 10 years, telephone rates have risen less than half as fast as the consumer price index.

It's a reflection of our continuing innovation and the close collaboration of Western Electric, Bell Labs, and Bell System telephone companies.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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The commercial floor from Armstrong.

You'd never think that anything this beautiful could take so much abuse from your tenants.

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Put yourself in your tenants' shoes, and what you'd want underfoot is something that adds a special beauty to the established character of your building.

Of course, as a building manager or owner, you know what your tenants' shoes can do to a floor covering. So, for your part, you want something that does more than reflect a certain handsome appearance. You want something that endures.

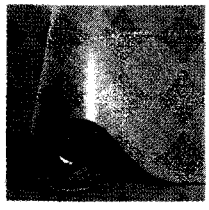
That's the rewarding combination businessmen like you continue to find in commercial Brigantine® vinyl flooring from Armstrong. Because while we've styled Brigantine to look like a beauty, we've built Brigantine to act like a brute.

Put down Brigantine's rugged wear-resistant vinyl composition, and it really stands up—to the flow of traffic, the wheeling of normal office equipment, the scuffing of feet. And because of Brigantine's vinyl composition, spills just stay on the surface. Where, along with dirt, they wipe up in a breeze. And that helps keep maintenance to a minimum.

Add to these tough-minded characteristics Brigantine's attractive good looks, and you've got a floor covering that's very special indeed. One whose pattern and wide range of colors are inlaid deep down through the wear layer. One whose physical roll dimensions—6′ wide and up to 90′ long—make for far fewer seams. And where seams do occur, they can be chemically welded, using Armstrong Perimiflor® Installation System, resulting in a monolithic, continuous surface.

So, now, when you need a commercial floor covering that can take its punishment without losing its poise, specify Brigantine from Armstrong. To learn more, send for a free copy of our booklet describing Brigantine and other Armstrong commercial floors. Write Armstrong, 302 Hunter Road, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

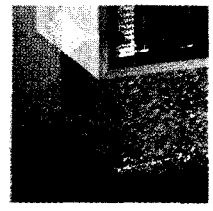
Rolls 6′ wide and up to 90′ long mean far fewer seams than tile



Inlaid pattern and color extend through the wear layer

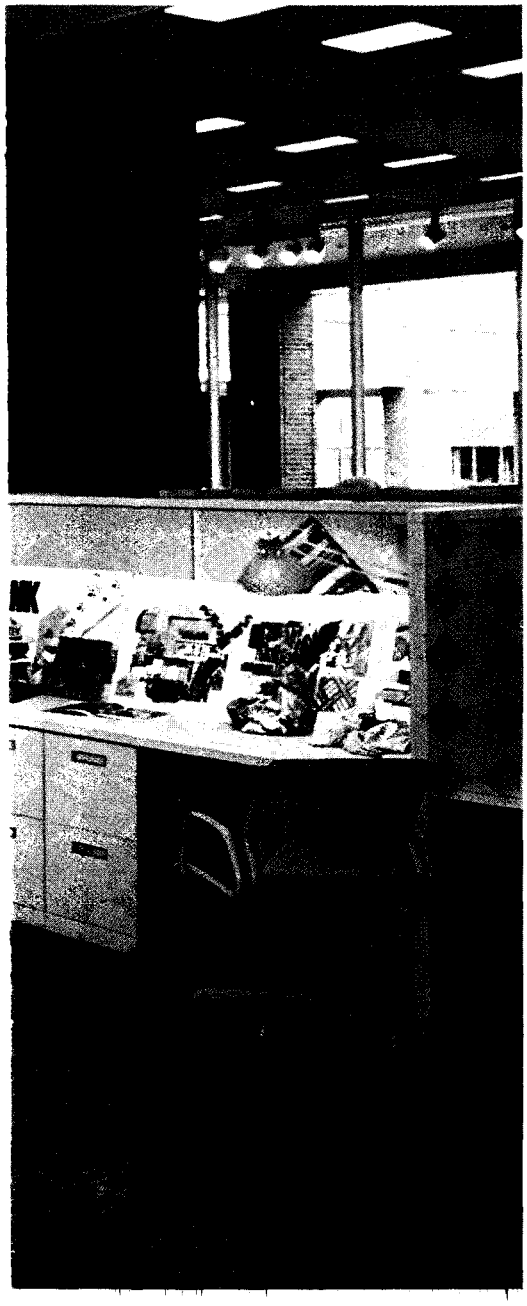
Brigantine's vinyl composition makes spills easy to clean up.

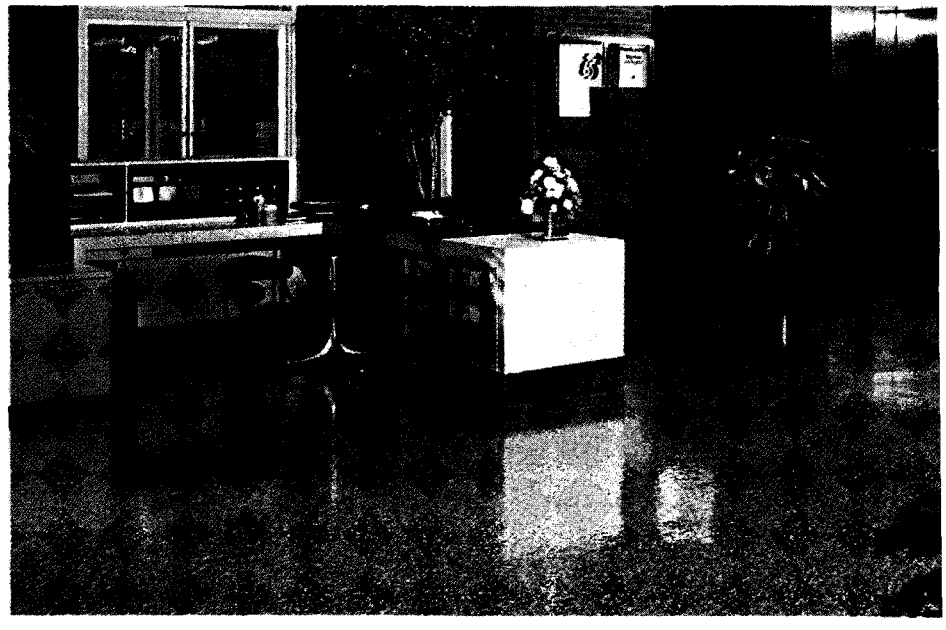
Flash coving like this helps eliminate places where dirt can hide



FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF

Armstrong





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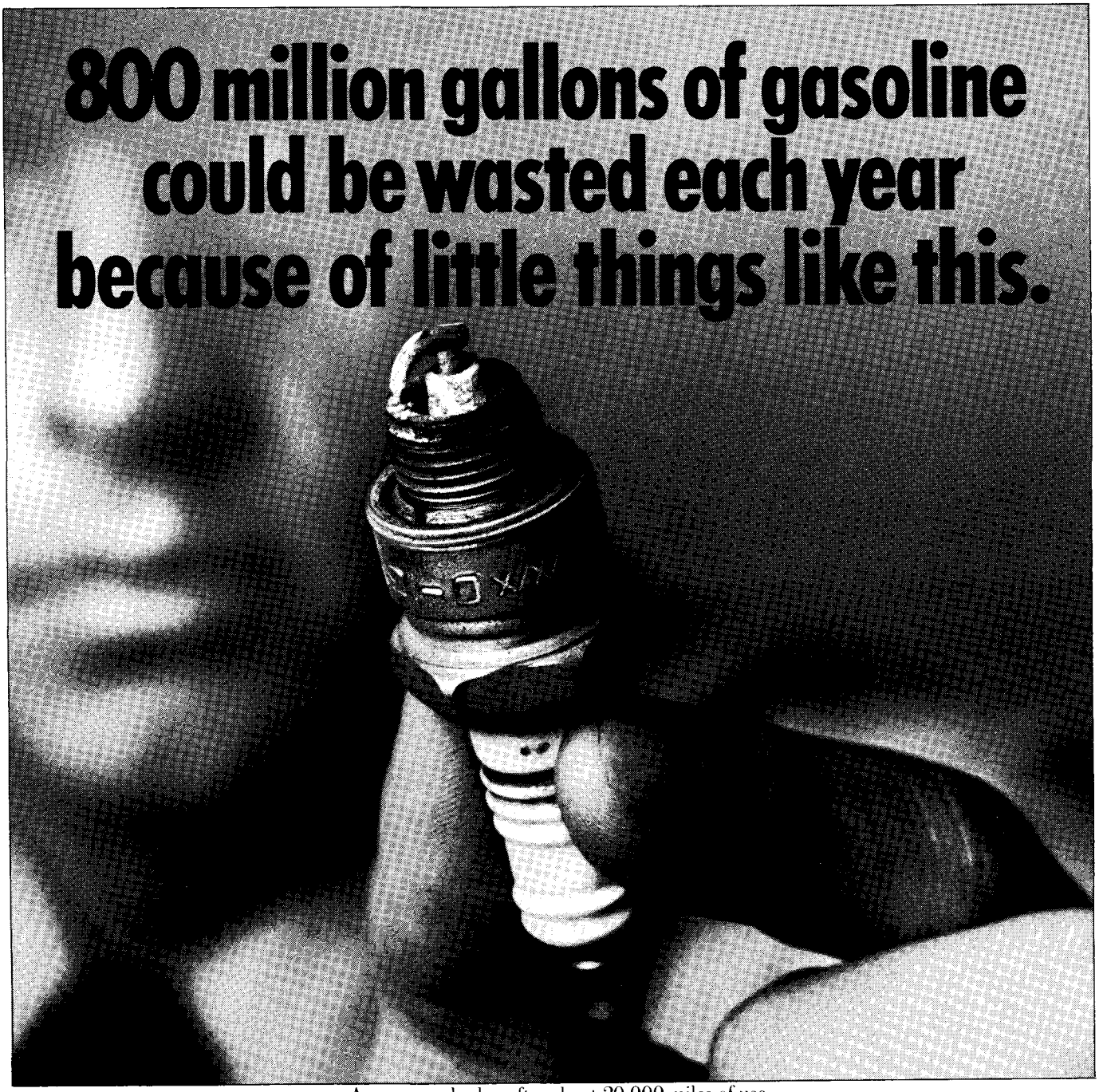
800 million gallons of gasoline could be wasted each year because of little things like this.



A worn spark plug after about 20,000 miles of use.

Maurice F. Granville,
Chairman, Texaco Inc.

Little things like misfiring spark plugs. Or a dirty air filter. Or underinflated tires. They all waste gasoline. That's expensive for you. And even worse for the U.S.

Imagine. If the average U.S. driver wastes only 8 gallons a year because his car is out of tune, that adds up to more than 800 million gallons.

And every gallon wasted makes us more dependent on foreign oil. It increases the drain on the American economy.

So see your Independent Texaco Retailer for quality products you can trust. And keep your car in tune. After all, keeping your car running right can save you gasoline and reduce emissions, too.

That's good for you. And good for the United States.

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.

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INFLATION

On Teaching Grasshoppers to Lip-Read

JAMES L. JOHNSTON

THERE IS A story making the rounds, about a government laboratory which set out to perform a certain experiment concerning grasshoppers. The experiment comprised three phases. In the first, a grasshopper was placed on a table, and the experimenter pounded the table and yelled, "Jump!" Predictably, the grasshopper jumped. Next, the experimenter tore one leg off the grasshopper, put it back on the table, and yelled, "Jump!" This time the grasshopper moved rather lamely, and only a short distance. In the final stage, the experimenter tore off the grasshopper's other leg. As before, it was placed on the table, and the experimenter repeated the command, "Jump!" The grasshopper remained motionless, confirming the researcher's hypothesis: that grasshoppers hear through their legs.

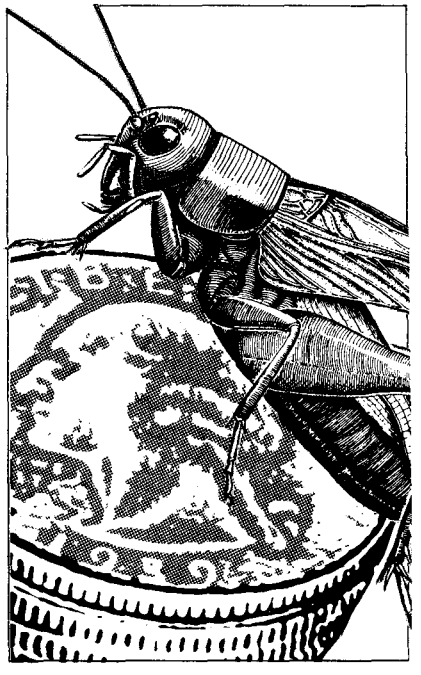
In an apparently unrelated policy question, President Carter has urged all businessmen and workers to moderate their planned price increases and wage demands as the only way to combat inflation. Last spring he said that inflation comes about because "each group tries to raise its income to keep up with present and anticipated rising costs, and eventually we all lose the inflationary battle together." To solve the problem of inflation, President Carter "expects industry and labor to keep wage and salary increases significantly below the average rate for the last two years."

These pronouncements suggest that the grasshopper experimenters are hard at work on the problem of inflation. Apparently, the prevailing consensus in Washington is that inflation is caused by higher prices, and, therefore, that everyone should be urged to reduce prices in order to reduce inflation.

Inflation, however, is not caused by higher prices. It *is* higher prices. To confuse the cause with the effect is to miss the important role the Federal Government plays in reducing the value of the dollar.

In fact, most economists would, and indeed do, point to the $60-billion budget deficit as the principal culprit. Those with a fiscal orientation see the problem as arising from the rechanneling of goods and services from the private to the public sector. Monetary economists, on the other hand, see the actual financing of the deficit—either through borrowing from future taxpayers or by printing more money—as the basic problem. But regardless of their orientation, economists agree in identifying the budget deficit as the root cause of inflation. It is true that other factors play a role. Taxation, regulation, price control distortions, and limits on entry into industries also make for inefficient operations. Even here, though, the government is principally—if not exclusively—at fault.

There are several good reasons to expect government to behave this way.



1. New dollars created by government are spent first by government.
2. Inflation increases taxpayers' nominal, as opposed to real, incomes, moving them up into higher income-tax brackets. Estimates by Paul Craig Roberts in the March 1978 issue of *Harper's* indicate that with a 10 per cent rate of inflation, income-tax revenues increase 16.5 per cent.
3. Unanticipated inflation transfers wealth from creditors to debtors, since the latter will repay their obligations in less valuable dollars. The largest single debtor in our society (three-quarters of a trillion dollars) is the government.
4. Finally, the indexed salaries of individual government officials grow by rates which exceed inflation, because normal promotions and time-in-grade increases are not included in the calculation of governmental increases.

Clearly, government officials have built-in institutional incentives to contribute to inflation, to say nothing of a natural tendency to control an ever-increasing sphere. It is understandable, then, that political leaders try to obscure the government's culpability by focusing attention on price adjustments made by business and labor.

THIS MIGHT seem a harmless political tactic. However, if jawboning turns into a policy wherein prices and incomes are controlled by government, it means trouble. Either jawboning or wage-and-price control, if it is at all effective, serves only to impair the economy's ability to adjust to the inflationary shock initiated by the government. Inflation does not have an even impact on all sectors of the economy. Thus, relative prices will, and should, change. To inhibit those changes is to create yet more misallocations, in addition to those resulting from inflation.

The price controls that were imposed by President Nixon in 1971, for example, resulted in a severe shortage of steel pipe in the petroleum industry, which in turn contributed to the nation's vulnerability when the Arab oil boycott occurred. Government distortion of post-inflation price adjustments can be very costly, especially when it is done simply to cover up the government's original misdeeds.

It is almost as if the government wants to teach the grasshopper to lip-read, now that it has torn its legs off. □

Mr. Johnston is an economist with Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

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PART II

RICHARD BROOKHISER

After four years of frustration, the Nixon Administration decided to attack Big Government in earnest. This article discusses the revolution that wasn't, and the revolution that may yet be

Why You Can't Beat City Hall At Washington, D.C.

III. Nixon's Way, Ford's Way

IT WAS A wiser Nixon who made his third run for the Presidency, in 1972. The last four years had given him what the previous 22 had not—a practical (as opposed to verbal) knowledge of how Washington works (or doesn't) and a personal stake in doing something about it. Prodded by advisors and by accumulating experience, he had backed policy reforms designed to redistribute federal power, and structural reforms intended to make it more efficient. Neither had succeeded—most of the policy reforms had faltered in Congress, while the structural reforms had either done likewise, or failed when put into practice.

To resolve his political difficulties, Nixon planned to harness the electoral clout of the Silent Majority. In this he was half successful: George McGovern was to the Nixon campaign what Johnstown, Pa. had been to the flood. At the same time, the Republicans gained a mere 13 seats in the House, and lost two in the Senate. Nixon had aimed for glory and gotten it; but glory has no votes in Congress. The second largest majority in American history would become meaningless the day after the election; while Democratic majorities on the Hill could be counted on to frustrate his policy reforms at least until 1974.

They would frustrate his structural reforms as well, if the first term was any indication. Those actions, Nixon discovered, which could be taken without major help from Congress —beefing up the White House staff—were worthless; while those which required it—creating four new Departments—could not get it. By 1972, however, Nixon had figured a way out of the dilemma, extra-legislative, though not extra-legal. If the Executive Branch would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed would go into the Executive Branch.

The second-term strategy and its attendant shake-ups caused much comment at the time, some of it rather extravagant: Secretary of Commerce Peter Peterson said to the *Washington Post*, à propos of his own removal, that he failed his physical—"[my] calves were too thick and [I] could not click [my] heels." But in fact, Nixon's new strategy consisted of a few simple, quite un-Teutonic elements.[4]

The first goal was to slash the White House staff. Assembling a bureaucracy to monitor the bureaucracy, Nixon had found, was like trying to fight obesity with creampuffs. "Too many questions . . . surface at the presidential level," he had complained as early as March 1971; and in a post-election press conference, he promised that, in a term full of cuts, "the biggest cuts will be made in the White House staff itself."

THE STAFF'S DUTIES, in a seeming reprise of the first term, were to be returned to the Secretaries. "We are going to put greater responsibility," Nixon continued, "on individual Cabinet members for various functions that previously have been that of the White House staff." This time, however, the Cabinet was deliberately selected and arranged to avoid triangulation. For one thing, there would be no more special-interest prima donnas. "[We wanted] people of the highest proven abilities, without regard to politics," recalls Fred Malek, Deputy Director of the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) and draughtsman of many of the new ideas. There were in fact exceptions, men who were picked for traditional bloc-style reasons: Peter Brennan, union leader, Secretary of Labor; Frederick Dent, textile executive, Secretary of Commerce. But their influence was diluted by a second innovation—the so-called super-secretaries.

Unable to get his new Departments through Congress, Nixon elevated four of his Secretaries to special status in the areas he had wanted consolidated. Earl Butz (Agriculture), Caspar Weinberger (HEW), and James Lynn (HUD) became Counselors to the President (each with a Domestic Council

This essay, part two of a two-part series, was Mr. Brookhiser's first major assignment after joining NR.

4. A good survey of the whole second-term strategy is Richard Nathan's *The Plot That Failed* (John Wiley and Sons, 1975).

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staff) for Natural Resources, Human Resources, and Community Development; while George Shultz (Treasury) was made Assistant to the President for Economic Affairs. Each man was to be in constant contact with the President; and each was directed to examine certain problems which would normally have fallen into the orbits of other Departments—Butz looking at natural resources (Interior), Lynn at public transportation (Transportation), Weinberger at manpower programs (Labor). Thus the super-secretaries would hover, half shadow-government, half end-run, waiting in position for the day when Executive reorganization became law, meanwhile accomplishing as much as they might without it.

Nixon's final novelty was new only for him—a vigorous personnel effort. Nixon had learned his lesson from the 1968-69 debacle. This time, the day after the election, he told his Cabinet that he wanted the resignations of all major political appointees in the Executive Branch; by Christmas, 57 had been accepted. Vacancies were filled by trusted survivors, or members of the White House staff. Two Domestic Council aides became Under Secretaries: Egil Krogh (Transportation) and John Whitaker (Interior); a third—Edward Morgan—became Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Customs and the Mint. One White House aide went to the head of the Urban Mass Transportation Administration; another became Director of the National Park Service. Caspar Weinberger and Frank Carlucci, Director and Deputy Director of OMB, migrated to HEW, where they became Secretary and Under Secretary; one of their staffers moved to the Treasury, where he became Assistant Secretary for Legislation.

This storm of activity sent barometers quivering from Arlington to Bethesda. Liberals accused Nixon of trying to pack the Executive Branch with yes-men and ideological hard-ballers. Fred Malek, widely thought of at the time as one of the packers, vigorously denies it—"There was not a plan to infiltrate the Departments with White House people as a means of controlling government"—a denial confirmed by former aide Allan Kaupinen: "If Malek ever had [such] a strategy, he never told it to me, and I worked with him on it every day."

The problem, as Kaupinen's second "it" suggests, is largely a matter of point of view. Where policy-making is involved, there is no such thing as a pure technician; an Assistant Secretary's sympathy with the minds of his superiors inevitably affects his competence. It would be naïve to suppose that compatibility had nothing to do with Nixon's choices, and dishonest to insist that it should not have.

Liberals' fears that hordes of right-wing zealots would descend upon Washington were equally exaggerated; they misjudged Nixon as greatly in 1972 as conservatives had in 1968. The case of Howard Phillips is instructive. A former YAF board member, Phillips had come to the Office of Economic Opportunity—Christian to Vanity Fair—as a special assistant to Frank Carlucci in 1970. Of all triangles, that which had its Executive Branch point in OEO is perhaps the most exotically liberal, and Phillips discovered such things as the diversion of certain legal funds—which were nominally earmarked for poor people—to class action suits on college riots and political agitation among Micronesians. As early as 1969, Nixon had promised to demote OEO to a laboratory agency for pilot programs; at a meeting in Key Biscayne in September 1972, it was decided to do away with it altogether. At the insistence of Charles Colson, Phillips was appointed Acting Director.

Tensions quickly developed between Phillips and the White House, however. Ehrlichman, primarily interested in structural problems, wanted simply to break OEO up, while Phillips insisted on fumigating programs before spinning them off. Nor was Phillips' style designed to soothe ruffled pragmatist feathers. When Representative Augustus Hawkins (later of Humphrey-Hawkins fame) asked Phillips in hearings why five and a half million people had been added to the welfare rolls since 1968, Phillips gamely responded, "I think it represents the success of some legal-services lawyers, sir"—at which Hawkins was so scandalized that he could barely muster the composure to adjourn. Phillips had intended from the first to serve only until the end of the fiscal year (June 30). By that time, he was under fire from the courts (Nixon had appointed him Acting Director without Senate confirmation), and Nixon was having problems of his own; yet it is unlikely that the President and the YAFer would have lasted long together in any case.

Truer incarnations of the second-term strategy were the new Director and Deputy Director of OMB, Roy Ash and Fred Malek. It was Ash whose 1968 memo had encouraged Nixon to study reorganization in the first place, and it was Ash whom Nixon had appointed to direct the study. Both

Every time-server, every moss-grown povertician glowed with the knowledge that he, by God, had not subverted the nation's liberties

Ash and Malek were successful businessmen and graduates of Harvard Business School; and they proposed, as befits men of their station, to introduce MBO to the Executive Branch.

MBO (not to be confused with OMB) means management by objective; and management by objective means figuring out what you want to do, holding certain people responsible for doing it, and monitoring their progress as they go along. Not, seemingly, the stuff of which New American Revolutions are made; yet too many government managers, Malek argued in a 1972 issue of the *Harvard Business Review*, fall back for criteria on mere routine, "lunch at the desk, long hours, whether all the appropriated funds have been expended"—with such results, he might have added, as federally funded denunciations of the menace of American imperialism in Micronesia.

The three impediments to federal efficiency, Malek wrote in another business school journal, are that 1) "Highest priority items are often subsumed by the welter of routine tasks" (the sin of volume); 2) "Managers are frequently not held accountable for producing a specific result"; and 3) "There is poor follow-through on major programs." MBO offered solutions to all three problems. Each Secretary and agency head would draw up lists of goals—problems to be studied, bills to be written, programs to be made more effective; these would be checked by the President and OMB for feasibility and con-

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sistency with Administration policies; finally, targets would be set and progress measured in bi-monthly meetings. "Operations," declared a tiresome little catch-phrase of the period, "is policy"; more accurately stated, operations is crucial in carrying policy out. With MBO, Ash and Malek were convinced, the President could finally get a grip on those operations of the Executive Branch that were legitimately his. On April 18, 1973, Nixon called on 21 agency heads for the first set of lists.

Nixon, be it noted, was not about to sell the lighthouses. He wanted to make the Federal Government more efficient and, in keeping with the rhetoric of his first term, more responsive to the people—which meant both dispersing some of its power from Washington, and assuring (given the people's will as expressed at the polls) that what remained would be more responsive to him. Super-secretaries, compatible personnel, management by objective, were all means of achieving this. "Nixon," ran the favorite joke of the season, "is on the point of taking over the government."

On April 2, in the midst of these preparations, Special Counsel to the President John Dean began a series of conversations with the prosecutors.

ONE YEAR and 129 days later, Gerald Ford became President. The Nixon second-term strategy had melted like ice in March. Several of its executors had resigned—an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, the Under Secretary of Transportation, the head of the Domestic Council. All, fantastically, were under suspicion. "Career civil servants," one OMB staffer recalls, "were looking at their bosses and thinking, 'Gosh, I wonder when his name's gonna be in the paper.'"

As loyalist shares plummeted, recalcitrant stock soared. Every time-server, every moss-grown povertician, every special-interest hack glowed with the knowledge that he, by God, had not subverted the nation's liberties; and all over Washington, the bright fires of self-interest were fanned by the bellows of righteousness.

All these problems were compounded by Nixon's desperate efforts to save himself. As the pressures mounted, and the Watergate trail wound closer and closer to the Oval Office, the Administration rallied to the thrilling cry of *Sauve qui peut!* Like panicky Russians throwing baggage off wolf-pursued sledges, Nixon abandoned position after position in hopes of placating Congress. All in vain: for what congressional liberals wanted—the truth—Nixon was not prepared to give; while his surrenders only alienated conservative supporters. "If he lets this bill become law," one Republican congressman was overheard to say à propos of the Legal Services Corporation bill, "I would not only vote for his impeachment, I would help to organize it" (*Human Events*, May 25, 1974). Two months earlier, the most conservative member of the Senate had disdained to be merely overheard: "It is my conviction," James Buckley announced on March 19, 1974, "that the President has been stripped of the ability to fulfill [his] mandate. . . . I propose an extraordinary act of statesmanship and courage . . . That act is Richard Nixon's own voluntary resignation."

Potential Republican talent became skittish about joining the Administration. "People just weren't wild about going down to Washington and getting shredded," one Treasury

official recalls. In the meantime, Nixon's personnel team acquiesced in bland appointments in order to protect a man they assumed was innocent. "It was like an election," one White House assistant told me, "but without any hope that we would win—just that it would be over."

Meanwhile, MBO died peacefully. The system, it turned out, depended on presidential clout to overcome the automatic skepticism of the groundlings; and though Ash and Malek struggled to keep up appearances, inertia took over. Meetings were canceled, Secretaries left oversight to seconds-in-command. "The Chief Executive was taken out of the game," Malek remembers ruefully, "[though] we tried very hard to disguise this fact."

But political impotence can no more be disguised in Washington than liaisons in the pages of the *National Enquirer*. "There is no White House anymore," Donald Santarelli, newly named director of the Law Enforcement Administration, was incautious enough to say, and was promptly fired for it.[5] But he was right. At the last possible moment, Nixon passed the non-existent White House on to Gerald Ford.

FORD BROUGHT several disadvantages of his own to the situation. Appointed, not elected, he had no staff to call his own, no inner circle which had shared national political struggles and had a chance to develop a political program. Having a chance, of course, does not mean that one will use it. Nixon, entering office after a two-year quest for it, had no domestic program simply because such things did not interest him. Ford, interested or not, was in the same predicament through force of circumstance.

Ford, moreover, was a congressman and a Republican—both honorable vocations, but neither calculated to inspire boldness. The last time the Republicans controlled the House of Representatives was 1954; and twenty years of minority status have left their psychological mark. Accustomed to being out-voted on the Hill, the typical Republican congressman expects to be out-voted everywhere. Luck, blunders, and bad strategy, he concedes, may have played a part in his party's decline; but the fundamental reason must be the innate hostility of the electorate. In their hearts, they know

5. Nathan, p. 76.

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we're wrong. Early in his term, Ford held a private meeting with Republican senators at which James McClure (Idaho) declared, "We [i.e., conservatives] are a majority in the country." Ford responded, "You are not quite a majority in the party; you are certainly not a majority in the country."

Republicans suffer other temptations besides timidity. It may seem odd to be distinguishing Ford from Nixon on the basis of Ford's Republicanism; but, as we have seen, Nixon enjoyed borrowing from Democrats; it suited his self-image as an adventurer, as the opener of China, the political Lazarus. Ford, less imaginative, left the conservative straight and narrow only for traditionally Republican boondoggles.

By far the most grandiose of these was the $100-billion energy development corporation proposed by Vice President Rockefeller in 1975. Ford's State of the Union address that January, while generally tight-fisted, had left open the possibility of new initiatives in the field of energy; the idea of a federal corporation to subsidize private fuel research came up that spring, and again during the Vail vacation that summer. Rockefeller's staff, working with Frank Zarb, Director of the Federal Energy Administration, and the domestic staff at the White House, had the proposal ready by August 22. Ford's fiscal conservatives were horrified, and Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, submitted a counter-memo on August 29. Then for almost a month, press accounts ceased as the two sides slugged it out in secret. On September 23, Ford announced that he would support an Energy Independence Authority.

Republicans, it turns out, are no less self-interested than Democrats, only more hypocritical. Publicly, the measure was justified as all such measures are—the scale of the problem, compelling national interest, etc., etc. Privately, there was the feeling that, so long as we're blowing money on the non-working poor, why not divert some to the working rich? Liberals and the economy have lived in sin so long that many Republicans can think of nothing better to do than propose a *ménage à trois*. When asked, on the two-hundredth anniversary of *The Wealth of Nations*, why the invisible hand was so seldom mentioned in his office, William Seidman, Assistant to the President for Economic Affairs, replied, "The invisible hand is an intrusion into the operations of the free market."

Yet the frequency of Ford's deviations should not obscure the fact that they *were* deviations; that he was, in some corner of his soul, what Nixon was not, a conservative; and that his brief, besieged Administration was affected accordingly. One need only consider the position on the Ford team of Alan Greenspan. Greenspan, nominated on Nixon's seventeenth-to-last day, may be the most right-wing person to advise a President on domestic matters in eons. He would make Howard Phillips look soft on socialism; and his laconic precision may have been more infuriating to reporters and critics than Phillips' bright-eyed pugnacity. Yet Ford never felt embarrassed to receive his counsel; and Greenspan stayed with the Administration from first to last. Symbols, Moynihan discovered, become serious when taken seriously; and Greenspan was taken very seriously indeed. "He had a very unique relationship with the President," recalls one Ford official. "Whenever he wanted to see him, all he had to do was pick up the phone"—intimacies which Nixon, by contrast, extended only to the Moynihans and Ehrlichmans.

Ford, therefore, had one advantage over his predecessor in the struggle to trim a swollen government: a philosophy—a coherent framework of impulses on which to erect policies. Cautious, unconfident, the Ford Administration had at least a sense of direction in domestic affairs, which could be fuddled by Rockefellers but not by liberal Democrats or dead Tories. Strategically, this sense of direction expressed itself in two appropriately gradualist goals: to slow the rate of increase of federal spending as a percentage of the GNP; and to reverse the trend toward increased domestic spending within the federal budget. In conversations with Ford veterans, steamship metaphors occur frequently—images of government as a huge ocean liner, barely nudged by the tugboats of successive Administrations—and they help explain the strategy Ford took. "Reverse it, we're not going to do," one member of Ford's staff told me; "just shifting it a few degrees is so important." Tactically, the Ford philosophy led to a number of vetoes, and a direct assault on at least one distempered federal growth—the regulatory agencies.

There are regulatory agencies—independent commissions, appendages of the Executive offices, fiefs of Cabinet Departments—overseeing aspects of American life ranging from air fares to the proper disposition of flywheels. Several of them —the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), the Federal Energy Administration (FEA)—had been created during the Nixon Administration. Ford, approaching this problem, invoked no baroque juggling of state-federal jurisdictions, no rewiring of organizational charts; he simply proposed, coolly and objectively, to weigh costs against benefits, and act accordingly.

At the end of one stormy session, a Teamster vice president warned Paul MacAvoy to look both ways the next time he crossed the street

Deregulation was in the air, as anti-Washington rhetoric had been in 1968, and some of the agencies had already begun self-examination. The deregulation team at the White House was run by Edward Schmults, a Wall Street lawyer formerly at Treasury, and Paul MacAvoy, a Yale economist. Task forces were formed for each agency under consideration, sometimes working up to seventy hours a week. On October 8, 1975, Ford sent to Congress an Aviation Act, and on November 13, a Motor Carrier Reform Act, each designed to whittle down the powers of the agencies concerned—the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission—and enhance competition. "The basic thrust," Ford said of the Motor Carrier Act, ". . . is to improve performance of our transportation industry by replacing government regulation with competition." From August 1975 to March 1976 a task force examined FCC restrictions on cable television (without coming to any settled conclusion). In February of 1976, the deregulators turned from the independent commissions to agencies and rule-writers within the Executive office, or otherwise within the President's power—OSHA,

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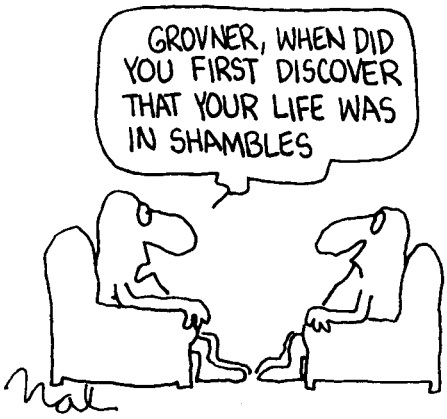
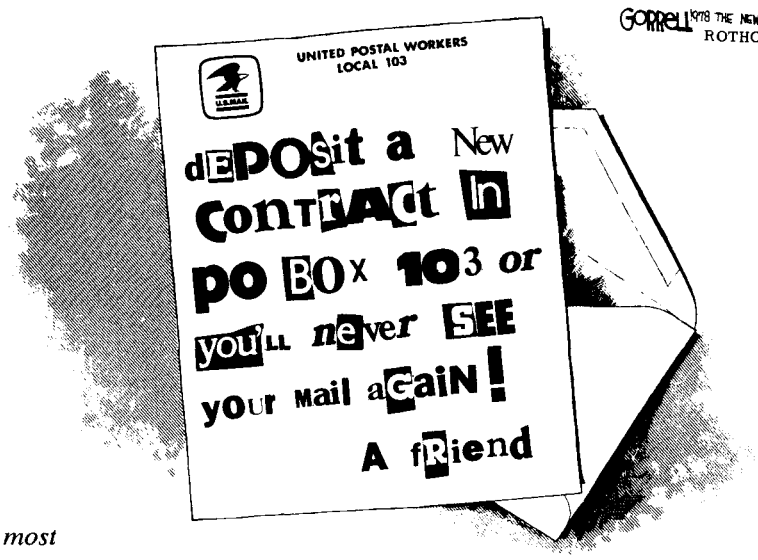


"I'm conducting a survey. Could you recall the ten most thrilling moments you've had today?"



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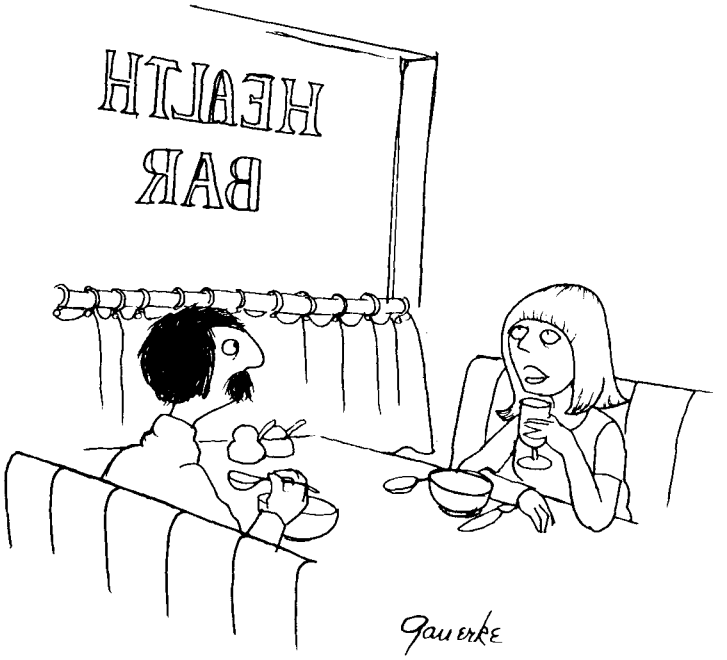
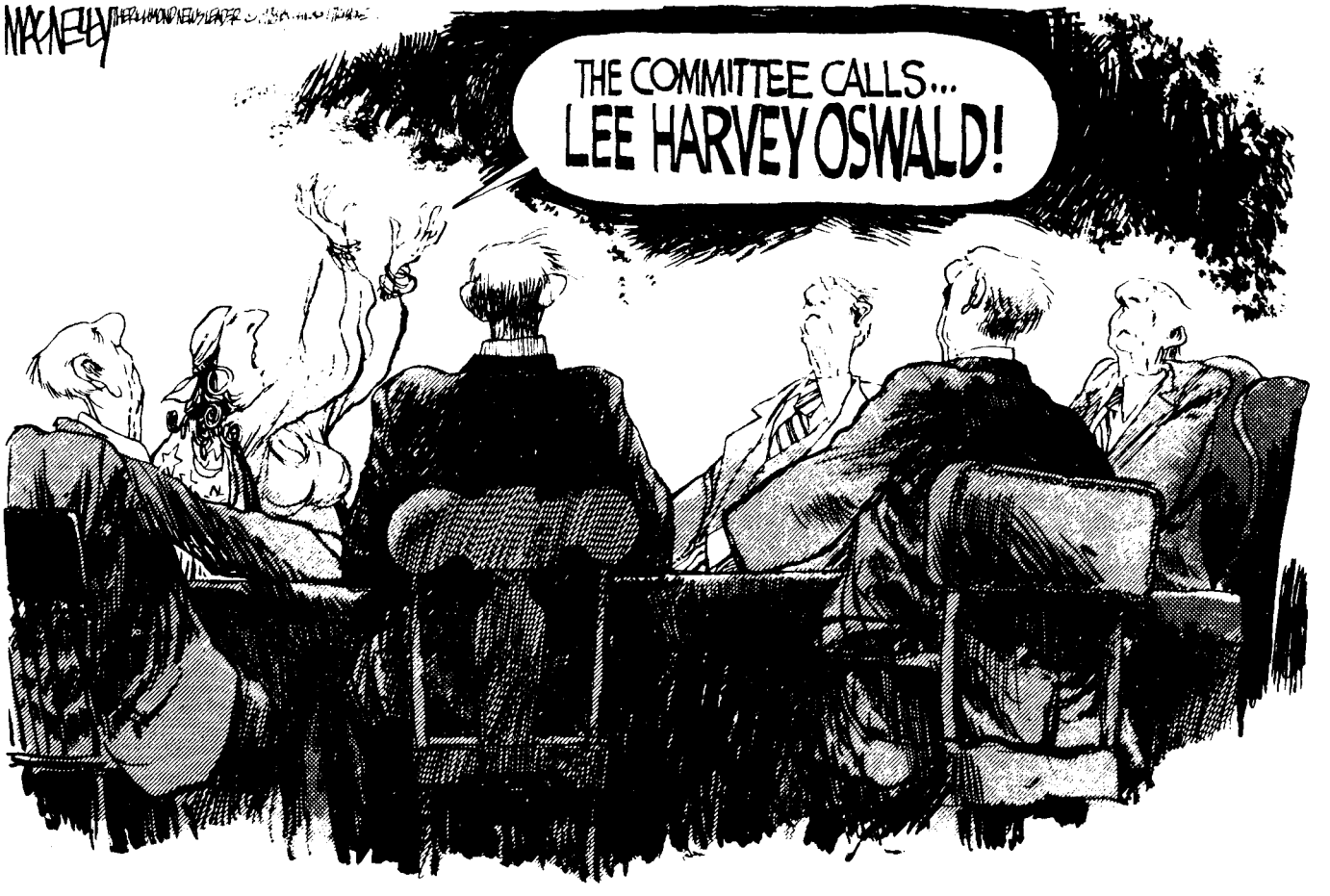


"I don't know how to explain it, but lately I've had this overwhelming craving for carboxymethylcellulose and pyridoxine hydrochloride."

Hats, Gloves, & Heels

I've gawked as ladies dressed in tents
  Traversed the avenue;
I marveled as those peasant types
  Passed by for my review;
The layered look seemed logical,
  With winters turning fierce,
But I can't wait 'til every gal's
  Dolled up like Mildred Pierce.

W. H. VON DREELE



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FEA, the Export Administration (in Commerce), and all regulation having to do with higher education.

In the course of their labors, the task forces uncovered some piquant facts, such as that the typical university bursar fills out an average of four federal forms a day, three hundred days a year; or that some towns in Colorado, because of the eccentricity of ICC truck rates, pay 78 cents more per hundred pounds to ship to Dallas than towns farther away along the same road.

But equally interesting were the reactions of the regulated. Good economists (and, hence, children of the Enlightenment), the Ford analysts were perhaps not prepared for the frenzies of resistance their probings excited. "Time after time," said one Ford aide, "these companies [would] come in and say, 'Gee, we believe in free enterprise, but national interests—historical relations—blah, blah, blah . . .' This was a genuine surprise." The airlines moaned; the television networks (remember Agnew!) charged political retaliation; while the Motor Carrier bill in particular got slammed by both management and labor. Ford, smelling political trouble, had asked for preliminary opinions from Teamsters and truckers. The opinions in due course came in. "Frank [a Teamster]," Ford was told, "thinks it's a union-busting bill." "Oh," said Ford; "and what does Dick [a Midwestern trucker, and lifelong friend] think?" "Never," the aide replied, "have I heard a man speak of the decay of the Republic so strongly." Ford mused. "Well, if Frank doesn't like it, and Dick doesn't like it, it must be a good bill." Other encounters were less pleasant. At the end of one stormy session, a Teamster vice president warned Paul MacAvoy to look both ways the next time he crossed the street.

THE DEREGULATORS also ran afoul of the government points of the triangle. The EPA managed to prevent any task force on itself from being formed, arguing that such an action would tip the environmentalist vote against Ford. Labor also looked to its constituency; the OSHA task force had to report to the Secretary of Labor before reporting to the President. It also reported, ad hoc, to the AFL-CIO. Anson Keller, one of OSHA's representatives on the task force, held a preliminary version of the report for four weeks, claiming back trouble. When MacAvoy expressed skepticism, Keller admitted that he disagreed with the findings. Dumbfounded, MacAvoy threatened to tell the Secretary of Labor what Keller had done—whereupon Keller went to the editor of the AFL-CIO's weekly newsletter with the story that MacAvoy was a White House hatchet man, slaying people left and right at OSHA.

The economists did not have long to suffer. Elections are perhaps a mixed blessing; they save us from being ruled by hereditary imbeciles; on the other hand, one year out of four, everyone stops to campaign. The Ford Administration maybe stopped less than some. The vetoes dribbled off, but the anti-regulatory homework continued up to Election Day, and beyond.

At the change of Administrations, all unfinished business was put in a memo to Carter aide Stuart Eizenstat, on the assumption that Carter, having run on a reorganization platform, might be interested. Apparently Carter has been interested in other things. The FEA has been transfigured into the Department of Energy; while a Department of Education may yet spring from the forehead of HEW. *Sic durat gloria mundi*; or as George Washington Plunkett, fellow Democrat, put it, "Reformers is mornin' glories."

IV. Publius' Way

After eight years and 15 pages of assuming that The Mess in Washington is a mess, it is only fair to acknowledge those who disagree. They do not do so as beamily as in 1952, perhaps, when one political scientist hailed "our fourth great branch of government," and declared that "the rich diversity that makes up the United States is better represented in its civil service than anywhere else. . . . If one rejects the view that election is the *sine qua non* of representation, the bureaucracy now has a very real claim to be considered much more representative of the American people in its composition than Congress." Bureaucracy, then, subsumes democracy; and the proper mode of political activity is for every interest group to station an army of occupation at the federal teat. If the armies revolt, send reinforcements—watchdogs, caseworkers, ombudsmen—until, by and by, everyone achieves the condition of being a Swede.

It is an idea in a curious position—disreputable, yet still obeyed, like a Renaissance pope. The welfare workers Nixon was assured would be eliminated still work 35-hour weeks; the agencies Ford made book on continue to harass bursars and trucking patrons. Carter can, one year, campaign as the man who cleaned up The Mess in Atlanta and, the next, assemble a new department (DOE—Energy) and support the secession of another (DOE—Education). Big government is an idea whose time has gone, yet its works survive. How did it build up such a head of steam?

THE AUTHORS of *The Federalist Papers*, interestingly enough, never considered the possibility. Their greatest fear was that the new nation would fly anarchically apart. "The first and most natural attachment of the people will be to the governments of their respective States," asserted Publius/Madison in #46. "If . . . the people should in the future become more partial to the federal than to the State governments, the change can only result from such manifest and irresistible proofs of a better administration as will overcome all their antecedent propensities. . . . But even in that case," he assumed, "the State governments could have little to apprehend, because it is only within a certain sphere that the federal power can, in the nature of things, be advantageously administered."

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Publius/Hamilton was even more skeptical of the possibility of Washington bloat. "Allowing the utmost latitude to the love of power which any reasonable man [oh, eighteenth century!] can require, I confess I am at a loss to discover what temptations the persons entrusted with the administration of the general government could ever feel to divest the States of . . . residuary authorities," he wrote in #17. "The administration of private justice between the citizens of the same State, the supervision of agriculture and of other concerns of a similar nature . : . can never be desirable cares of a general jurisdiction . . . [and] the attempt to exercise those powers would be as troublesome as it would be nugatory." Washington, in short, would not want to aggrandize itself; the people would not want it to; and if it did, it would succumb (in this at least Publius was prescient) to waste and confusion.

Hamilton and Madison rejected the notion that an elected Federal Government should wield vast powers, not because they were misanthropes or anti-majoritarians. They *did* fear the possibility of popular majorities swayed by unjust desires —"a rage for paper money, for an abolition of debts, for an equal division of property, or for any other improper or wicked project" (#10); but these they thought to defuse, not by denying majority rule, but by filtering it through various representatives and structural checks and balances. Publius, Willmoore Kendall maintained in *The Conservative Affirmation*, "simply wanted the majority to be articulated and counted in a certain way, and had confidence that so long as it was it would produce just results."

Kendall, in 1963, was writing as the defender of an anachronism. Opinions differ as to who inaugurated the new era; many demonologists blame Roosevelt, while the real hard-liners go back to Jackson. But by mid-century, it had become clear that the careful structures of *The Federalist* had crumbled; and in their place, Kendall argued, there had emerged an uneasy synthesis of two modes of politics: one, a survivor of the old spirit, "the ultimate arriving at policy decisions through a process of deliberation among virtuous men"; the other, a new thing, a corruption, involving neither deliberation nor virtue. As constituencies increase in size, Kendall explained, they run the risk of concerning themselves with problems too large and complicated to understand. "Yet we have engrafted upon our Constitution an additional electoral process that forces discussion of 'national' problems in the national constituency; that obliges candidates to 'go to the people' and court votes; and that . . . leaves them no alternative but to talk about nothing." The first mode—selection of reasonable men for comprehensible reasons—was the mode of Congress; the second, that of the modern Presidency.

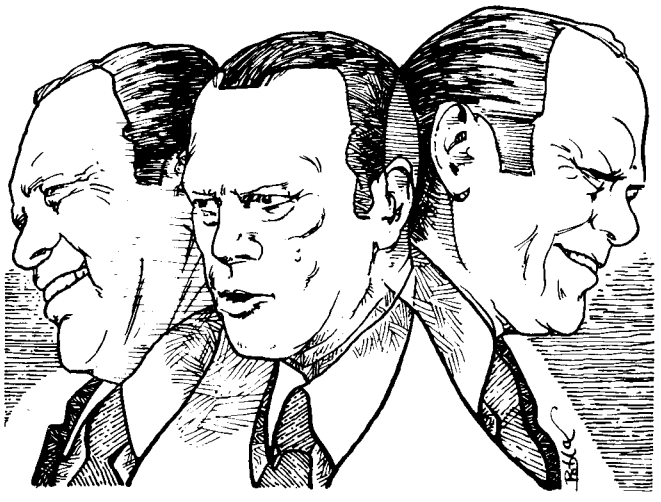
Kendall's model accounted for many things: the gaseousness of presidential campaign rhetoric; the reluctance of Congress to pass that rhetoric into law; and (most perceptive of all) the bafflement of successful candidates. "Both candidates . . . repeat, as they swing from whistle-stop to whistle-stop, . . . the policy platitudes that constitute the table-talk in our faculty clubs. No one, not even the most skilled textual analyst, can tease out of the[ir] speeches any dependable clue as to what difference it will actually make which of the two is elected. It seems probable, indeed, that the candidates themselves, unless one of them is a White House incumbent, *do not know what use they would make of the vast powers of the Presidency*" (emphasis added). All of this, five years before Nixon, and 13 before Carter.

Yet times have changed again since 1963; the dichotomy between an earthy, grass-rooted Congress and a quixotic Executive Branch needs further updating. Kendall caught the process in flux; two years later, with the Great Society, the table-talk of the faculty clubs triumphed; and the effect was to cripple the last remnant of the system *The Federalist* had envisioned.

Congressmen were uniquely unlikely to go on extravagant binges, Kendall had argued, because only the legislative branch had retained the quality of deliberation—among its constituents during elections, and among the congressmen once elected. Liberalism Triumphant, however, made the second impossible. "Wise deliberation," Kendall had written in another context, "occurs only where the people are discussing problems that they can, so to speak, 'get outside of' "; yet "getting outside of" a problem is exactly what the deluge of newly discovered problems and areas of concern prohibited. Unable to defend (or even define) their interests as legislators, congressmen were reduced to defending their interests as satraps; and so Congress was transformed from a band of cautious, argumentative men to a collection of jerry-riggers and rubberstampers—to a collection, in fact, of triangles.

The collapse of Congress caused corresponding cracks in the Executive Branch. Presidents, the traditional advocates of grander and grander government, found their control over it diminishing as congressional committees fell in with interest groups and agencies. It is no accident that, since the New Deal, five Presidents (Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson, and Nixon) appointed commissions to study the organization of the Executive Branch. As the only men in Washington in a position to observe the full effects of the chaos, Presidents have felt compelled to add efficiency and good management to their catalogues of goals—and, hence, find themselves increasingly opposed to their former allies in idealism.

Faculty table-talk—what Kendall, straight-faced, called "high principle"—has encouraged the realignment; for it has been one of the tenets of enlightened opinion that America should have strong Presidents (until America got a strong



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President enlightened opinion didn't like). There has also been a revolt of the clerks against certain aspects of big government; and Nixon, as we have seen, drew on the thinking of the new liberals, and appointed one to be White House Assistant for Urban Affairs.

The only trouble with "high principle" as a prop in the President's new-found role is that its critique of government is not radical enough. It was high principle, operating through presidential rhetoric, that justified the swelling of government in the first place; and those who now invoke it find themselves in the role of intellectual parricides.

In October 1969, Nixon speech-writer William Safire got a note from Haldeman.

> Few seem aware of the Nixon political philosophy. . . . The President feels that this general subject area of what the President's philosophy is would be worth some work and effort by our PR group. Would you please follow up?

("Strange," Safire wrote later, "fitting a philosophy to the set of deeds, but sometimes that is what has to be done.") Safire responded with a ten-thousand-word document, entitled "New Federalist Paper #1"; Ehrlichman, Moynihan, and Nixon all read and approved it.

The "New Federalist" (signed Publius) rejected both knee-jerk centralization and doctrinaire states' rights, and attempted to synthesize the best features of both. Washington would collect taxes (which it was good at) and articulate the national conscience; while local government would be given the responsibility of managing the former in pursuit of the latter. "Most Americans," wrote Safire five years later, "assume that fairness in principle still lies in federal standards and minimums, but that fairness in administration usually lies closest to home. . . . The New Federalism seeks to fuse two elements: a greater respect for national conscience by individuals, and more respect for local concerns in the application of that conscience" (William Safire, *Before the Fall*).

The "New Federalist" did not go unchallenged. Tom Charles Huston, another ex-YAFer and a young writer on Pat Buchanan's staff, replied, over the pseudonym Cato, with "The Pretensions of New Publius Exposed." Publius, he wrote, "envisages a New Federalism in which national authority says to local authority, 'Do it your way, but do it.' Such a political scheme is necessarily authoritarian in implication. . . . It denies discretion and this denies freedom, for no man is free who lacks the power to say No."

So the Romans debated, a classic Center-Right confrontation in the bowels of an ostensibly centrist Administration. All the more interesting, then, that neither side questioned the assumption on which liberal high principle had for thirty years rested: that, though big government may, as a concession to reality, be modified or rearranged, it must never be abolished—for the complications of modern life have made it *necessary*. Huston was content to recite Calhounian formulae of exorcism, while Safire accepted the assumption wholeheartedly: "The reason why political power [has] been centralizing all our lives [is] that local government [has] been unable to meet the crisis of Depression and unwilling to adapt to the revolution in civil rights."

Good history, bad justification. If "the revolution in civil rights" means getting George Wallace out of the school-house door, then one may be glad it happened; but if it means loading schools up with buses and quotas, one might with good reason feel "unwilling to adapt." Washington, not satisfied with killing Jim Crow, went on to mug Allan Bakke.

The Depression point is more serious, reflecting the common notion that, as economic affairs grow more complex, so too must the state, the better to deal with them. The quaint scruples of *The Federalist* might be okay for a country of hicks and tea merchants, but in the era of OPEC, steel shutdowns, and falling dollars abroad, we need order, stability, and state-sponsored growth.

A plausible notion—and exactly wrong, since as the market grows more complicated, competition becomes the only way of lubricating it. If Washington could keep tabs on every aspect of the economy, it might conceivably be trusted to stimulate it; but since it cannot, we do better to rely on free agents, signaling data to each other through the price system: the ill effects of doing otherwise—of intruding the visible hand—include, among other things, the Depression.

Here is the nub. A people which Publius (the eighteenth century one) had doubted could be controlled by a national government have come to doubt their own ability to control themselves. Two national shocks and a new style of presidential policies catalyzed these doubts; enlightened opinion —high principle—offered big government as a necessary resolution. Big government has in turn become an object of doubt as it chokes on itself. But liberals who share its premises can only tinker with it; while conservatives who do not rebut them might as well be off in right field, in another ball park. The pope is not so discredited after all, at least among theologians.

THE MEN who worked for Nixon and Ford are not hopeful of getting another chance. To woo back the 1972 majority "would take twenty, thirty years," I was told by Wayne Valis, formerly of the White House, now at AEI.

In fact, this may be overestimating the cohesiveness of the Nixon coalition. The Nixon majority was less a mandate than a revulsion, a negative landslide against a bogeyman compounded of acid, amnesty, and abortion; and when McGovern lost and Nixon himself got in trouble, it vanished like summer dew. A stronger coalition will require stronger premises—in the search for which, this little account may not be irrelevant.

Frustration with big government is an equal opportunity employer—it transcends race and class. Ten years ago George Wallace got cheers from blue-collar audiences by promising to throw bureaucrats' briefcases into the Potomac; subsequent conservative attempts to work that vein have unfortunately retained all of his imprecision and none of his vigor. If populism consists in chugging Billy beer and baiting fags, we might as well hang it up. American workers feel the blighting hand of Washington in their schools, in their neighborhoods, and, increasingly, in their jobs; conservatives must present a coherent alternative to liberal statism—or others will. Philip Crane's bridge-building conservative-labor conference in Youngstown, Ohio—a victim of thirty years of government intervention in the steel industry—followed, by three months, a $300,000 federal grant to professional socialists Gar Alperovitz and Jeff Faux to study the option of "community ownership."

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Still more interesting was a report on Carter's energy program issued by the NAACP, which precipitated public disagreements among leaders of that group. The report not only attacked the plan's no-growth philosophy—"A limited growth policy . . . [is] OK if you're a highly educated 28-year-old making $50,000 a year as a presidential advisor," one spokesman told the *Detroit News*; "it's utter disaster if you're unskilled, out of work, and living in a ghetto"—it also positioned the NAACP to the right of Nelson Rockefeller by suggesting free-market alternatives: removal of environmentalist roadblocks to the development of nuclear power, opposition to further regulation of natural gas. Liberals greeted the report with all the enthusiasm of Englishmen responding to the Sepoy Mutiny; while Vernon Jordan hastened to assure the world that, over at the Urban League, they were all still interventionists, thank you. A curious position for a black leader to take, given the treatment blacks now enjoy at big government's hands. The days when federal marshals led teenagers into segregated schools have passed; today, the teenagers are unemployed because of minimum wage laws. Black votes have recently been responsible—in North Carolina, in Louisiana—for a handful of close Republican victories. There is no reason why the trend could not continue.

Every night before going to bed, all the President's personnel men should repeat, "There is no such thing as neutral competence"

There remain the traditional spawning grounds of anti-Washington sentiment—business and the middle class. Business' devotion to leaner government, as we have noted, is often more verbal than behavioral, and there are signs that it will become still more so. Business lobbying in Washington is increasing, one Ford personnel staffer told me. During the Nixon Administration, businessmen realized that a Republican's presence in the White House did not guarantee that they would be taken care of; and so Washington offices, traditionally the dumping grounds for corporate washouts, are being geared for high-powered self-defense. Conservatives must make the case that business' troops are better employed defending business' general welfare than special privileges.

Once in office, conservatives must buck some forty years of institutional inertia. The congressman's task is grimly simple—to know everything, and vote accordingly. In this respect, the best service the Right can provide is to continue developing conservative think-tanks, such as the Hoover Institution, the American Enterprise Institute, the Heritage Foundation. Right-wing brainpower traditionally flows into other areas—conservatives run law firms, or write books on Chesterton; liberals go to Brookings. That imbalance helps explain liberalism's success, at least at the table-talk level. Conservatives must win the war of hard information if they expect to win the war of rhetoric.

The first task of a President is the one that Nixon did not get around to until 1973—a brisk, clear-eyed house-cleaning of the Executive Branch. Every night before going to bed, all the President's personnel men should repeat, "There is no such thing as neutral competence." The pure in heart must also be intelligent; no one wants a bureaucracy of right-minded dolts. But it is simply not true that ten, fifteen, twenty years of developing and advocating certain approaches do not leave their effect. Until conservatism replenishes its talent pool, there will inevitably be failures and unpleasant surprises among the people conservatives pick; but better these than such surprises as Benjamin Disraeli.

Reform of the civil service will make the life of appointees more pleasant. Civil servants cannot be left naked; but the Civil Service Commission should be transformed from a personnel bureau to a court of appeals—from a clearing house for all hiring and firing, to a judge after the fact. There should also be a disposition in favor of lateral motion; civil servants must be encouraged to tend their gardens, not to put down roots into them. Similar ideas have been espoused by Carter, of all people. When he first announced that he would reform the civil service, he spoke as if he would do so without firing or demoting a soul; his final reform package (at this writing, still in House-Senate conference) shows creeping good sense.

Reorganization of the Executive Branch will be less helpful. Every year an agency exists adds yet another ring, tree-like, to its sense of mission; and Washington, it is our thesis, is filled with superfluous missions. Reorganization, however, is the most difficult procedural reform; the interests of too many people—federal employees and legislators—depend on the *ancien régime*. Civil service reform, wise appointments (prima donnas need not apply), and, most important, the political will to resist the importunities of the unconverted will be more effective.

FOR THE long run, congressmen and Presidents must labor to resurrect the Ninth Amendment. The question with which the first installment of this article ended—how would The Mess in Washington react if someone were to take it on all at once—remains unanswered. Nixon, through conviction, Ford, through circumstance and temperament, did not pose it. Intelligent personnel efforts and civil service reform, though important, are superficial. Political problems require political solutions. The Federal Government will not shape up until the people stop expecting it to pass certain types of laws; and the people will not stop expecting unless they are appealed to. Nor can the appealers afford to be too cautious. Republicans have parlayed caution into a position of holding the loyalty of less than 20 per cent of the electorate. "There is nothing," Chesterton noted, "that fails like success."

Big government is an old thing in human history, perhaps the norm. Egypt, Babylon, the empire of the Incas were more fantastically paternalized than even Hubert Humphrey's wildest dreams. So thorough was the bureaucratic regimentation of Mycenaean Greece that we know, from surviving records, that a certain farmer in a certain year owned two oxen; that the farmer's name was Ta-za-ro; and that the oxen's names were "Blackie" and "Glossie."

It was America's curious assumption that such exertions were not necessary. One hopes that archaeologists of the future, or of some other solar system, will not unearth the files of OSHA. □

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IN MEMORIAM

William S. Schlamm, R I P

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

On September 1, one of the most remarkable men of our times died suddenly in Salzburg—my good friend William S. Schlamm, a proud son of the Jewish people, a Christian by conviction, an Austrian by birth, a loyal American, a citizen of the world, and an indefatigable fighter for all the great values of our civilization. It had become evident to Willi Schlamm early on that "Right is right and Left is wrong," and that one must never cease to fight against the forces of darkness.

Willi Schlamm was born on June 10, 1904 in Przemyśl, an important fortress of the Austro-Hungarian empire located in what is today easternmost Poland. Nothing could have been more symbolic of his later life. Held by the Russians for six months in 1914-15, Przemyśl became in 1939-41 a divided town, split between the two evil powers representing National and international Socialism. Today the Soviet border runs only a few miles east of Przemyśl.

Moving West

As a young man, Wilhelm Siegmund Schlamm went to Vienna to pursue a career in journalism. Like many starry-eyed young idealists of the time, he was attracted by extreme leftism. He wrote for *Die Weltbühne*, founded by Carl von Ossietzky. This extremely clever and brilliantly edited, although rather destructive, monthly was eventually transferred from Berlin to Prague.

There Schlamm edited it until 1938, when the Nazis occupied Czechoslovakia. These were fruitful years for the young journalist, who gained valuable insights into the essence and the techniques of international Socialism, including Communism. He emigrated to the United States just before the Second World War and went to work for *Life*, *Time*, and *Fortune*. He was singled out by Henry Luce to become the chief editor of a projected cultural magazine (which was dropped at the last minute). And in 1955, after a stint at *The Freeman*, Schlamm became a founding father of NATIONAL REVIEW.

By then Willi Schlamm's political and spiritual evolution had brought him full circle. Always dedicated to strong, mercilessly logical ideas, he rejected the then-current liberal position and espoused the conservative cause. Nonetheless, his collaboration with NATIONAL REVIEW lasted a relatively short time. For this strong-willed man, any teamwork had always been difficult, and so it proved at NATIONAL REVIEW.

Besides, at this point Schlamm had come to feel that Europe would provide a more congenial field of activity. Keenly interested in Germany—East and West—and with a passion and an extraordinary genius for the German language, he devoted himself to awakening those peoples to the tremendous dangers they faced from the East. He was, as his enemies called him, *ein kalter Krieger*, "a cold warrior." He wrote a column for the illustrated weekly *Der Stern* and gave brilliant lectures that attracted vast crowds—although an American and a Jew who upheld and brilliantly defended the most conservative ideas baffled many Germans. When *Der Stern* turned left and embraced detente (as well as sexy sensationalism), Schlamm went to work for Axel Springer, czar of a conservative journalistic empire. But here, too, Schlamm had his problems. Springer was clearly uneasy with this *pèlerin de l'absolu* (to borrow a phrase from Léon Bloy). Also, Schlamm wanted to be his own master, and so, in 1971, he founded the monthly *Die Zeitbühne*. Now, at long last, he had an instrument for advancing his own ideas.

Schlamm's Odyssey

To understand Willi Schlamm's odyssey you must understand certain characteristics of the postwar scene in Germany. Over and above the apocalyptic horrors that accompanied the collapse of the Third Reich, most Germans suffered from a collapse of any and all idealism. They feared for their own personal survival and felt a dread at having to make clear decisions. They took refuge in conformity. The German *Spiessbürger*, the stolid philistine, castrated by defeat, became Hermann Borchardt's "Mr. Golightly." Of course, there were and are exceptions—the German terrorists, for instance. But they are merely exceptions.

Willi Schlamm, on the other hand, believed with Anatole France that *Il n'y a de supportable que les choses extrêmes*—"Only extremes are bearable." Understatements, allusions, "soft talk" were just not his cup of tea. His purpose was to arouse a nation apparently intent on taking French leave from history. Hence the charges endlessly repeated in the German press that he was "a controversial figure." What outstanding man is not?

In his last enterprise, *Die Zeitbühne*, he had, two years ago, an experience that was unfortunate but not unique in his long editorial career: the exodus under particularly unpleasant circumstances of some of his colleagues, which all but broke his heart. Still, it was evident that behind the incendiary words and bitter irony there was a loving and lovable person, a man who enjoyed the good things of this earth—beauty in nature and in art, friendship, even good food. In this respect he was very much an Austrian. He was American in the clarity of his vision and in his loyalty, and Austro-American in his sense of humor. His final hours, he spent chatting with a friend in a Salzburg café whose relaxed atmosphere he always enjoyed. Upon leaving it, he collapsed; he died peacefully in a hospital, without ever having regained consciousness.

William Schlamm was buried in the beautiful forest cemetery of Aigen. The sun shone, and a great number of his good friends, led by Archduke Otto von Habsburg, attended the Catholic ceremony. The officiating Carmelite father referred to the deceased's profound Christian convictions—which, however, had not brought him to the baptismal font. Like Simone Weil, Henri Bergson, and Franz Werfel, he died at the very gates of the Church. R I P. □

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Test-Tube Morality

THE BIRTH of the British test-tube baby, Louise Brown, has vividly underscored one most important question which on many levels puzzles men and women today: What does it mean to be human? The long road of research that led to Louise Brown's laboratory conception, implantation in the womb, and eventual birth is strewn with necessarily blind tinkering at life's beginnings, deliberately destroyed embryos (the Del Zio baby was of those), technical intervention in the marital act, and only the researchers know what other moral horrors.

The strictly traditional Christian answer to this question contains multiple elements (creation by God, a spiritual soul, our original ancestors Adam and Eve, salvation by Jesus, destiny for Heaven, sin, grace). But the starting-point of that answer sets it quite apart: it defines what is human in terms of the divine. Within the scope of this answer, therefore, all human life in whatever form is sacrosanct; hence, the researchers and all engaged with them would be morally guilty of, at the least, multiple infanticide, all embryos presumably being human once the sperm cell penetrates to the center of the ovum and fertilization begins.

This Christian answer is apparently not seen as relevant, theoretically or practically, by the bulk of our non-Christian contemporaries. It is, furthermore, unaccepted in many of its parts by millions of Christians as they and the rest of mankind are overtaken by developments they did not start, and find themselves wrestling with problems not even envisioned by the theologians of the Christian past.

Aquinas could not know of cell division, chromosomal complements, a bench zygote, or an organ transplant. Augustine never heard of amniocentesis or the cloning process. The theology formulated by the all-important Church Councils could not take into account genetic engineering, modern personality studies, prolonged animation of the legally dead, talking chimps, obedient dolphins, miracle computers, or the possibility of outer-space intelligences. And no one in the past, whatever elements they included in their definition of "human," ever envisioned an age where the different economies of four billion-plus people would be absolutely interdependent, or a world in which large, unmanageable masses of people—all the way from populous neo-nations in Africa to homosexuals in Wichita to the handicapped in Washington—would be agitating about their human rights.

The modern, non-Christian answer to our central question also contains multiple elements. But, again, its starting-point sets it quite apart: it defines what is human in terms of what is measurable, of what technology can achieve, of what popular demand indicates, of what civil law sanctions and national security permits or needs. And it has one other special characteristic: it professedly excludes all considerations of a religious nature.

Only by remembering this can Christians understand and empathize with, even though they condemn, their contemporaries who sanction the killing of over three million unborn infants per year, who regard current abortion laws as freeing them from "compulsory pregnancies," who consider the frequent discarding of living laboratory embryos as a matter solely between the doctor and his plumbing system, who see nothing wrong in the manufacture (by an American company) of a drug that permits the abortion of the fetus alive and ready to have its head cut off and its body cut up by the medical researchers. Within an exclusively human (that word again!) world, all this is logical and to be expected. And it is not so crude as "Every embryo for itself, and the trash-can take the hindmost!" For our contemporaries already have developed a method of embryo selection, supplied us with a quick disposal system for the discarded ones, and thoughtfully introduced a new Easyspeak that never puts a tooth in blood or membrane—"pregnancy termination," "fetus expulsion," and so on.

But Christians cannot have it all their own way, in a world quick to detect hypocrisy and double-talk. If Christians do judge matters like abortion and test-tube baby production from the divine point of view, they must also ponder why it is that important Christians—such as many in the World Council of Churches and the Vatican, many bishops and priests and nuns, and many clergy in all denominations—apparently judge the situation of the Third World purely on the basis of economics and political ideology? They support, even foment, armed violence, the use of propaganda lies, subversive activity, and the abolition of civil rights for the opposition, and they are viciously eclectic in the regimes they praise and condemn.

WHY DO otherwise responsible Christians behave this way? In many cases purely because of sympathy for the needy and the downtrodden; in other cases, because of Marxist infiltration, or loss of religious faith. But we must also take into account the more general confusion. As science discovers more about man and the cosmos, as technology facilitates more human control over all matter, as the world situation between haves and have-nots becomes more unbearable, and as individual liberties are so diminished that the great majority of mankind hopes only to survive, Christians are becoming more confused and further divided in their ideas of what it is to be human.

The hard-core classical Christians are purely on the defensive. The others are going along with the mass of their contemporaries. But Christians need an answer to our central question—and a whole series of answers to connected questions, to boot—if their witness and message to the contemporary world is to be relevant and forceful, and if the Christian way of life is to be viable in an increasingly alien world.

And so it will go until the Christian theologians and teachers turn back to their rich sources and throw an old, infallible light on the startling data of a world utterly different from the one into which Christianity was born and in which it found its first mental and verbal expression. □

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Taxes and Vouchers

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

"Down with property taxes! Up with education!" So cry the advocates of the Voucher Plan, a proposed amendment to Michigan's constitution, placed on the November ballot by initiative petition. If the citizenry approves the amendment, a new pattern for financing public instruction may spread rapidly to other states.

Michigan's plan, called "Proposition H," has three principal features. First, it abolishes the property tax as a means of raising school-district revenues. In effect, this would mean a two-thirds reduction in the property-tax bills of most Michigan taxpayers; in some school districts, it would reduce property taxes by more than 70 per cent. Second, it authorizes the state legislature to establish a program of general taxation to support schools. (This would produce some substantial increase in state income taxes, sales taxes, or business taxes.) Third, it provides for freedom of choice in education: that is, the state would issue "vouchers" which might be applied to tuition at any school—"public," church-related, or independent.

Paying More, Getting Less

This plan is opposed ardently by more than thirty powerful Michigan organizations, ranging from the state teachers' unions to the Michigan Association of School Boards. It is advanced by a sole group, called Citizens for More Sensible Financing of Education (700 North Washington Avenue, Lansing, Michigan 48906), which is backed by Catholic and Protestant school associations. The amendment's advocates are short of money and organization; yet they may win.

A principal design of this proposed amendment, obviously, is to save church-related and other "private" schools from extinction. From time out of mind, the parents of children enrolled in Catholic, Lutheran, Christian Reformed, Dutch Reformed, and other Christian and Jewish schools in Michigan have paid twice over for the education of their children: once through public taxation, a second time through private school fees or contributions to church coffers. Over the past two decades, a good many independent schools have closed their doors.

Vouchers issued to all children, however, would provide equal payment from public revenues for such young people as attend non-public schools. This dismays the Michigan Farm Bureau Policy Development people, who write, "Many schools might be eliminated because students may not wish to use their vouchers to attend that particular school." Wouldn't that be dreadful—eliminating public schools so dreary that no students wish to attend them! In fact, it seems probable that enrollment in independent schools would double almost overnight. Incidentally, the voucher plan has considerable support among black parents, who see an opportunity to get their children into decent, church-related schools with better discipline and higher standards.

Christian parents concerned for tolerable standards of instruction, then, are the immediate advocates of the voucher plan. But the bulk of the people who vote for the amendment probably will be more interested in their real-property taxes.

Property tax rates, in Michigan as elsewhere, have grown intolerable over the past decade. Up my way, in Mecosta County, if a farmer rents out his land, he is paid about $15 per acre. Now what are present taxes on the same acre? Why, about $15. In fine, the farmer's land is worthless to him unless he sells his farm to a developer —if he can find one—and takes up another line of work. It is school taxes, primarily, which have worked this ruin. The voucher plan would reduce Mecosta taxes to $4 or $5 per acre—the landowner's salvation. Of course, other state taxes would replace all or most of this reduction. But those new taxes would be easier upon folk with relatively fixed incomes. And those new taxes would go in part to independent schools, generally more efficient than public schools.

One difficulty with the voucher plan is the possibility of increased state direction of independent schools. The proposed amendment provides for "distributing funds to support the attendance of students at the elementary or secondary *state-approved* school of their parent's or guardian's choice . . ." (The italics are mine.) But what is a "state-approved" school? True, the proposed amendment leaves direct control of schools in the hands of the present school boards; yet the state educational bureaucracy might be tempted to meddle with church-related schools, as such bureaucracies have meddled recently in Ohio, Wisconsin, and other states.

Guarding the Guardians

William Ball, the eminent man of law who argues the big church-state cases in the courts, stated early this year in testimony before the federal House Ways and Means Committee: "It is greatly to be feared that if the 'accredited or approved' language were adopted, the state educational bureaucracies would see in it new vistas for enlargement, new regulatory projects for 'getting geared up' . . ." So Michigan's legislature, if this amendment passes, will need to draw up an implementing act which safeguards independent schools against arbitrary direction by the state educational establishment.

However that may be, Proposition H seems a fairer, more efficient means of providing for public instruction than is the present overburdened apparatus. Adopted, it would stimulate competition among schools and leaven the lump of educationist boredom. It would help to preserve religious instruction, now almost wholly struck down in public schools. If Michigan leads, Pennsylvania and other big states will not be far behind. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Exploding Duck & Other Primal Tales

HUGH KENNER

CUTTING SHORT his vacation, the President dashed back to Washington: what does *that* mean? Such a question the pundits make their living by answering: a familiar kind of question, addressing a normal use of the human intelligence, which probes events for their sutures, seeking ways to decompose them into meanings. His programs are in trouble, his vacationing drew a bad press: such would be specimen meanings.

But some rare events are so absolute they defy the intelligence, and such events lodge in the memory like no others. The most memorable news story I ever read (in the *San Francisco Chronicle*; alas, the clipping is lost) pertained to a pet duck in a Bay Area suburban back yard. Waddle, peck, quack was its life, but not its whole life. It would also fly for short distances, would this duck: launch, labor, desist, descend. And one afternoon, before a sufficiency of witnesses, the duck waddled with purpose, it broke into a run, it flapped, it heavily took off; became airborne; and—exploded.

The End.

Explain this? Policemen tried. It had ingested a dynamite cap, perhaps, on which its laboring chest muscles contracted. So rambled the official mind. Who cares?

Interpret it? No; you can't. Walter Lippmann in his heyday couldn't have. Staged in an ultimate Theater of the Absurd, such a happening does not "mean." Seamless, it lacks intelligible constituents. It is like a prime number, not to be decomposed: a Prime Event.

What is the 2,000th prime number? There's no way short of listing and counting to find out that it's 17,387. Nor can Prime Events be contrived to specifications. The mind can only encounter them, ready-formed. Shakespeare hunted them out of old books, Sam Beckett rummages his own unconscious. (A woman is buried to her neck in sand; her parasol catches fire: see *Happy Days*.) The arts build on them. Greek tragedy rotated, scrutinized Prime Events, inexplicabilities which the chorus said were from Zeus. "A poem," wrote Wallace Stevens, who had glimpsed this principle, "should resist the intelligence/Almost successfully." Mental satisfactions cluster at the borders of the irreducible.

Now suppose this: Suppose—though it did not happen—that the tale of the Exploding Duck had been moved nationwide by the wire services; had seized overnight the fancy of millions. Then within a week six editorial cartoonists at least would have played with exploding ducks, the big bang labeled as the week's kerflooey policy, or amid flying debris the detached duck-head equipped with the features of the week's embarrassed politician, also labeled just to make sure.

BECAUSE THAT is how the best cartoonists make their best cartoons. Attach the flow of the news to some Prime Event, the stranger the better; force the pols to re-enact it; show them doing this.

But they crank them out one a day, and lack time to test every idea for true primality. Just so it's current and recognizable, it passes. A great white shark beneath swimmers: Peter Benchley and Universal nudged that specter into the national mind in 1975, and all that summer the shark was every cartoonist's reserve currency. With *Jaws 2* ('78) it happened again. The shark was Inflation for Jimmy Carter to hook from his absurd little boat (Paul Conrad), SALT II looming over a waterskiing Jimmy (Paul Szep), Tax Revolt engulfing a generic politician dozing in a punt (Dick Hodgins) . . . You get the idea.

And they are all pretty dull cartoons, though Hodgins drew his shark with gleeful verve. For their Prime Event is a pseudo-prime, easily decomposed into constituent items: that sharks are always hungry, that swimmers get careless, that a big enough shark could even threaten a boat. And the goal of the cartoonist isn't to analyse events but to

Mr. Kenner is the author of numerous books, including A Homemade World *and* The Stoic Comedians.

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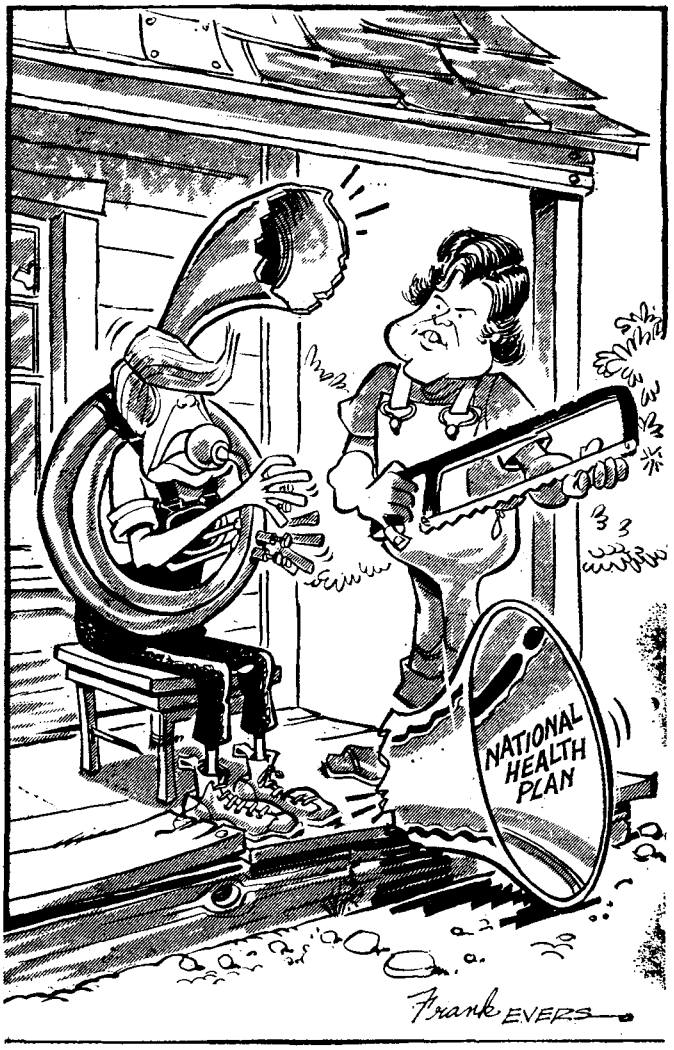
absolutize them. The truly transcendent cartoon has happened on something ludicrously irreducible.

Here's a hillbilly on his ramshackle porch—and b'gosh if he isn't Jimmy—puffing away at a tuba. At his feet lies the bell of the tuba, crudely sawn off. He's not noticing. And there stands, caressing his hacksaw, the neighbor who's just muted all that ruckus—sure enough, Teddy.

YOU HARDLY need to be told that the tuba is labeled "National Health Plan." For that matter you hardly care. Who needs interpretation? The cartoon (by Frank Evers) will still be funny when last summer's counterpunching about Health Plans is forgotten. What is tickling about it is the wondrous absurdity of the central idea: a tuba being sawn in two without the tuba-puffer noticing. The Exploding Duck principle, you see; and attached to that Prime Event the details accrete inscrutability. Puffer and sawyer alike are simple country boys in galluses. (Bounce your sense of Teddy off *that* notion.) The cabin floor warps, the panes are cracked, the shingles patched. (Tuba practice *here*? Who's minding the mules?) Both boys sport pompadours bespeaking hours before a mirror, doubtless also cracked. Sawyer to judge by his expression was less interested in incommoding the musician than in seeing what on earth would happen. The irreducibilities multiply, referring us again and again to those faces: Jimmy's beset concentration (on what? not on the violated sound; on the consarned fingering then), Teddy's bemused curiosity. A genuine Exploding Duck: an imagined Prime Event.



These are rare; not even Oliphant or MacNelly can count on more than one a month. Among some fifty clippings from eight or so cartoonists' summer offerings, Evers' amputated tuba easily stands out. An Oliphant postal-strike offering comes close: a mailman routinely feeding tons of letters to an eight-foot snail labeled "Ol' Escargot," as he muses on the nightmare of possibly going on strike and nobody noticing. For the rest, we have also-rans and pseudo-primalities.

We also have Herblock. Long past his old-fashioned prime, Herblock adds endless frames to his lifelong morality play, as reliant on captions as a primitive silent film. I've a month's worth of samples in front of me. How fast your eye goes to his faces, and how limited is their gamut of expressions: rapacity, smugness, disgust. How crudely he draws (it's my impression he drew more forcefully once).

And how simple-minded is his formulaic thinking, conditioned by theatrical memories as banal as Eva, the bloodhounds, the ice-floes. Riffling a stack of Herblocks is like sitting through endless rescreenings of *Way Down East*.

Think of familiar roles, his formula runs; plug the current actors into them; stick a disgusted spectator into the foreground.

His mannerism is that foregrounded disgust: downturned mouths affixed to middle-class faces: suburban parents whose children have wet their pants at Commencement, enacting what passes for high political sensibility, the capacity of the genteel to feel disappointment.

He is surely the most overrated cartoonist of all. Does the *Washington Post* guess this? Who's to say? Other cartoonists an editor can simply drop, but if the *Post* fired Herblock they'd have to compose a statement, so firm is his hold on a constituency, now middle-aged, that ever since the Truman years has looked to this cartoonist for simple reconfirmation of prejudices.

His pols exhibit primitive behavior if Republican (or military or industrial): "You are obscene, as always." They exhibit immature behavior if Democratic: "I'm disappointed in you." He was at his best in the Eisenhower years, roast Republican always on the menu, probably because the quest of new primitivisms against that cruel daily deadline occasionally forced him to surpass himself and conceive a prime absurdity. Everyone remembers his unshaven thug stepping up from a sewer, hand extended in campaigner's friendship. Nixon, wasn't it, or was it Joe McCarthy? No matter; the conception survives.

SOMETIMES the actors in a memorable cartoon are forgettable; sometimes the cartoonist is. Who was it, in 1952, who conceived "Perils of a High-Level Campaign"? Harry Truman was running zigzag through the woods, Adlai Stevenson on his shoulders, Adlai's brow banging against branch after low-hanging branch.

Or, of an intricate graphic performance, you can forget everything except the essential nucleus. A Jules Feiffer journalist was interviewing the President of All the People, and in panel after borderless panel the voice of the President (LBJ) was setting forth all that he proposed to do so that the New Jerusalem might be no longer deferred. "And how will you do all this, O President of all the people?" the reporter was asking in the last frame; and the Presi-

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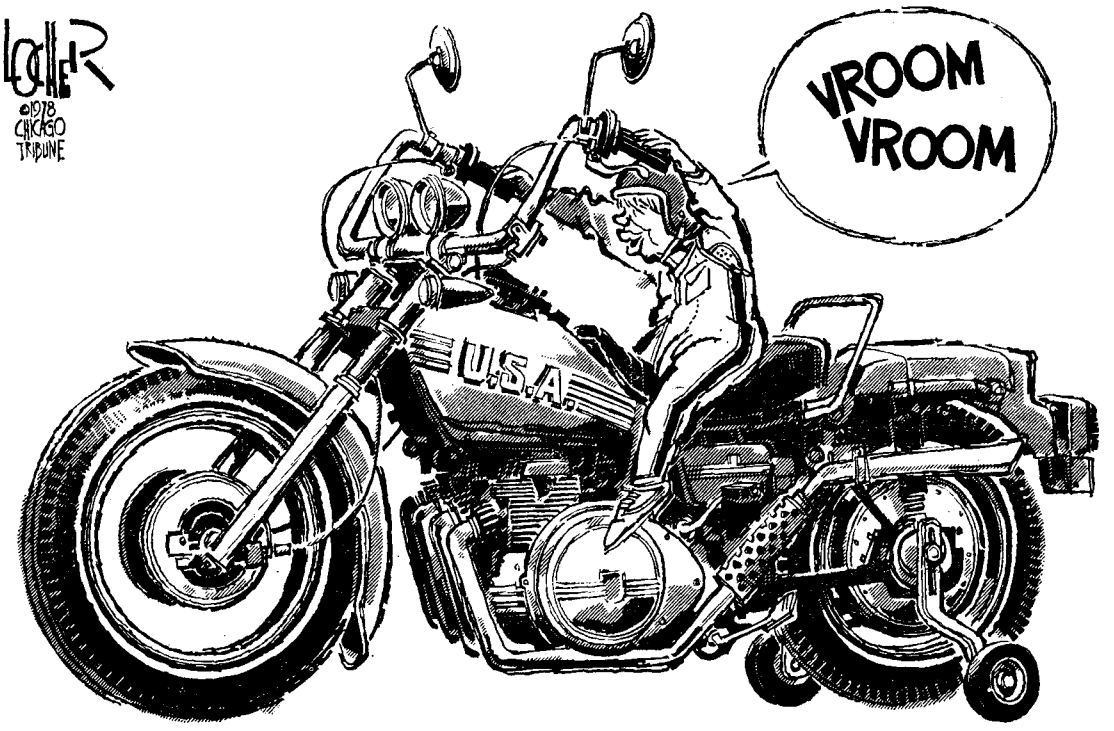
dent's voice replied, "I shall wheel and deal." Which seems to be the central conception but isn't quite; the central conception was that the reporter looked up, in every frame, to a levitated President, standing effortlessly in air a man's height off the ground with only his Texas boots visible. "I shall wheel and deal" collided not merely with grandiose intentions, but with that. As well have such a line spoken by St. Francis of Assisi.



THAT'S the Prime Event, a levitated being who offers to wheel and deal, and it matters relatively little that after a dozen years one can't begin to reconstruct the rest of the dialogue. What other Feiffer cartoons can you remember at all? His pains were bestowed on the dialogue, that vanishes: which fact testifies to the centrality of the Prime Event, which Feiffer when he was simply *writing* (wryly, wittily) often tried to do without. A cartoonist can't.

If this whole subject seems unfamiliar or a little pedantic, that attests to the curious disregard in which political cartoonists in America have limned and inked. How many there may be I've no notion, but if we guess one hundred, then at six deadlines a week that's more than thirty thousand cartoons annually, each of which averages perhaps a glance per reader: a lot of glances, adding up to little attention. What do the cartoonists' employers think they're for?

One good answer is: to relieve the greyness of the editorial page; also to supply editorials for illiterates—subscribers who find the *Post*'s prose unreadable look at Herblock and get the day's point. Committed to a daily acreage of printed words even as its proofreading manifests terminal decline, the *New York Times* resolutely avoids even contemplating a house cartoonist. Think of the *Times* in this context and you think of Hirschfeld, who shows up on the Sunday theater page: showbiz caricatures with a fascinating suavity of line (has he ever in his life had to reach for an eraser?). You'll never find a Prime Event in Hirschfeld: merely consummate visual performances to accord with his theme, performers. His mind is on the actors, not the play.

As is that of the *Times*, which given its pick of New York visual talent picked the one whose gifts are most remote from the conceiving of irreducibilities, and knew exactly what part of the paper he belonged in. You couldn't make even a passable editorial cartoonist of Hirschfeld, so benign are his delineations, and on its editorial page the *Times* devotes its attention to personalities with the intention of rendering moral judgments. Were they to let a draughtsman loose on that page, their man would have to be David Levine (his acids reduced to a genteel 10 per cent concentration).

The discovery of *The New York Review of Books*, a paper for folk who find even the *Times*' moral system unacceptably diffuse, Levine brushes events aside to concentrate on faces. Or not faces, clay models of faces: that's not flesh he draws with such lavish attention to texture. Lifeless, pockmarked, dull-eyed, twisted with the obsessions of an unthinkable lifetime, neither flat nor three-dimensional, they stare from the page frozen like voodoo dolls, soliciting the primitive impulse to stick pins. The roots of his technique are in nineteenth century France—Daumier of course springs to mind—but the destructive passion, the tearing zeal to demonstrate that the famed of this earth are but as corpses, that is uniquely his and denied to his imitators, who are apt to concentrate on his cross-hatching.

ALL LEVINE faces are patently by Levine and no two are really alike, so individuated is his power of rejection. By contrast, editorial cartoonists depend little if at all on the caricaturist's art, which they employ chiefly for the purpose of making the actors recognizable. Each works with a small cast of repertory performers, supplied by the headlines—Jimmy, Teddy, Vance, Brezhnev—and each, having determined how he will draw them, tends to draw them always in the same way. The Oliphant Carter plays the Oliphant theater, other Carters play rival establishments, and little is being said by any system of facial deformations except that the house style can assimilate anything.

Expression makes rudimentary points—Garry Wills has recently observed that Carter in just about everybody's cartoons some time ago stopped smiling—and the house style enforces certain normative decisions about character—Herblock's Ike wore a look of perpetual bafflement, as though

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tying shoes might be a perplexing exercise, and most Jimmys hide their eyes behind that cowlick, as though lost in the thickets of the reborn self—but day by day it's not personal affect but the Prime Event that counts. David Low in the Thirties worked a puppet theater in which faces barely changed at all: all his Churchills alike, all his Edens, his Mussolinis, his Tojos. Their faces, therefore their day-by-day motivations, were too obscure to bother with.

FOR CARTOONING works at a great distance from character, from motivation. In Low's long-gone world the baroque effects were military, and he varied its rhetoric of flash, dazzle, and goose-step with contrivances of his own: Col. Blimp in his Turkish bath, with his walrus moustaches and his invariable "Gad, sir!"; or a lethargic band-aided nag, the very presence of which in any setting induced surreal feelings, and which Low fans learned to recognize as that once-ubiquitous British economic presence, the Trades Union Congress (TUC). Low early grasped the principle that things in a cartoon world should resist the intelligence almost successfully. It didn't matter to him what Churchill thought he was doing, or what kind of fellow Eden really was. It mattered to him that day-by-day events offered much rationale and made little overall sense.

Decade by decade, as the century has marched, the politicians have had more and more bizarre props to play with. They can play with the Moon, with the Furbish Lousewort, with the atom; can casually extinguish each day some amenity, can deform any thought you like into unthinkability. Aristotle, who schoolmastered Alexander (birched him, Yeats fancied), would run screaming toward the caves from Alexander's twentieth century inheritors.

Factoring surrealisms down to Prime Events, cartoonists perhaps alone permit us the sense that the human imagination that could cope with the plague at Thebes can still make shift to comprehend what goes on.

Late last June the *Chicago Tribune*'s Locher was visited with an inspiration that let him in for several hours' difficult drawing, of which the upshot was a meticulously rendered four-barreled motorcycle, drawn in loving detail as if for a catalogue, with twin headlights, turning signals, rear-view mirrors, front and rear disc brakes, all the options. It is decaled "U.S.A." and is scaled for a giant to bestride.

It is bestridden by a thirty-inch Jimmy Carter, whose toes can barely strain down to the flywheel housing. In helmet and striped and fitted Evel Knievel suit, he reaches up to the handlebar throttles and shouts, "VROOM. VROOM." The cycle is fitted with training wheels.

I don't know what we'd do without images like that. Endeavoring to bend its attention to the myriad mad particulars they factor down to primality, the analytic mind—we all own one—would explode like a duck. □

FILM

BERGMANIA (CONT'D)

JOHN SIMON

Something more needs to be said about Woody Allen's disastrous *Interiors*, which I discussed at length last time. While the film purports to sound the deeper aspects of human misery, it is quite unable to handle narrative and psychology on their simplest levels. Thus Joey announces her pregnancy to her lover, Mike, and, over his weak protestations, seems to decide on an abortion. That is the last we hear of it, one way or the other. When Joey bemoans her lack of creativity, Mike suggests that she take up photography again, a suggestion she categorically rejects. Yet in a later scene we see Renata (Joey's sister) and her husband looking at photographs Joey has submitted for their opinion. When Arthur, the girls' father, arrives to introduce his future bride, Pearl, to the family, Renata sends her small daughter upstairs to play by herself. Ludicrous: any grandfather after a long absence would want to see his grandchild; but Allen clearly doesn't know how to deal with children in a movie.

He is not much better with adults. Under no circumstances would Arthur get remarried at the beach house to which his suicidal ex-wife, Eve, has free access, and where she does show up with fatal consequences. Joey, however outspoken, would not say those crushing things to her mother on Arthur's wedding day. And what kind of a political activist would live in the lap of bourgeois luxury at the expense of his girlfriend's father? Yet that is what Mike does without a twinge of conscience, and without so much as a little reproach from Joey during their frequent fights. *Interiors*, which in one speech actually feels obliged to explain its own title, never quite discovers on which side of the epidermis to search for the soul.

Gordon Willis is an expert cinematographer, and he has clearly obliged Allen in every detail. But, however subtly lighted and shot, all those supposedly WASP, muted tones are finally as much of a strain on the eye as constant eruptions of primary colors would be. Indeed, Allen forces Willis into all kinds of photographic hamminess. Thus when Joey and Mike are driving home after the initial family meeting with Pearl, we first see the couple riding in almost complete darkness; in the next shot, some street lights they drive past illumine their somber faces; in the third shot, darkness swallows them again. It is highly charged visual maneuvering, but what does it say that couldn't be conveyed without that expense of chiaroscuro? Effect without meaning is mere affectation.

THE ACTING is painfully uneven. Maureen Stapleton, because she has the one part endowed with quasi-comic relief, and because she has played the simple-minded earth-mother long enough to be an earth-grandmother, comes off rather well. By entirely avoiding any sort of acting—something that comes all too naturally to him—Sam Waterston, as Mike, manages to be inoffensive. Marybeth Hurt, a multifariously gifted young actress, almost succeeds in giving life to Joey, by dint of hard and intelligent work. The others are catastrophic. Marshall and Page I have already discussed, in the last issue; Kristin

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Griffith, as Flyn, has no part to play, and finds no way of transcending the banalities.

The nadir, however, is Diane Keaton (Renata). She is yet another of those non-actresses this country produces in such abundance—women who trade on the raw materials of their neuroses, which have nothing to do with acting. What we get is an untransmuted dithering and blithering session of the kind that goes on across the continent, from est to West; but when, in every Keaton performance, we get the same decomposition of voice, disintegration of features, and dissolution of mind, we begin to wonder whether the performer needs a critic or a clinic. To the above repertoire, Miss Keaton now adds repeated loud intakes of breath, another device out of Bergman, but exaggerated to sound like a vacuum cleaner in heat. Alas, she has become the darling of reviewers and audiences, and the recipient of an Academy award. From me, she gets the Sandy Dennis Prize for Instant Deliquescence. As for her sometime lover and permanent employer, Woody Allen, I urge him to ponder the remark Pliny attributes to Apelles, *Ne sutor supra crepidam!* which can be Englished as, "Comic, stick to your one-liners!"

Who'll Stop the Rain is the absurd piece of retitling inflicted on the movie version of Robert Stone's *Dog Soldiers*. This is the tale of a Nietzschean soldier of fortune returning from Vietnam (Nick Nolte), who agrees to smuggle two kilos of pure heroin into the U.S. for a modest cut from the take of a journalist friend (Michael Moriarty), an intellectual disgusted by the war he covered. Moriarty's wife (Tuesday Weld), who is supposed to pay him off on arrival in Berkeley, is unable to do so; meanwhile it becomes apparent that both Moriarty and Nolte have been set up by a drug ring, which also employs the crooked narc (Anthony Zerbe) who, with his two goons, now aims to recover the dope. They torture Moriarty but desist when they find that he doesn't know Nolte's and Weld's whereabouts.

Meanwhile the friend and the wife have escaped to Los Angeles, where they try unsuccessfully to sell the stuff to various sinister or preposterous types, and finally run off to a Southwestern hideout with the white-elephant dust, pursued by Zerbe and his

henchmen, who drag Moriarty along in handcuffs and propose to kill him unless they are given the heroin. In a former hippie sanctuary in the mountains, it comes to a symbolic showdown with *son et lumière* and plenty of shooting. Some die, and even the survivors gain nothing.

I have not read the highly touted Stone novel, which my informants describe as overrated. But I have gathered that there was considerable toning down in this script (written by Judith Rascoe and Stone himself), which finally induced Stone to quit. A great deal of the long book obviously had to be omitted, but the wife was thoroughly whitewashed at the insistence of Karel Reisz, the Czech-refugee British director. Though she still pops pills, she no longer works as a cashier in a porn movie house, but in the bookstore of her father, who is no longer a Communist. She now does not know anything about her husband's drug smuggling until confronted with the *fait accompli*, and she does not clearly get sexually involved with Nolte, although there is one possible but by no means unambiguous hint to that effect. It is ridiculous to try to make a hard-hitting film about "the Vietnamization of America" while worrying about keeping the heroine as pure as the heroin.

I have never shared the once prevalent admiration for Reisz's work as a director, though there was some real merit in his first feature, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. *Who'll Stop the Rain* is a step up, but what is that to the missed chance of making a film about conflicting loyalties, clashing values, and curiously shifting relationships, about a society unhinged by Vietnam? We get a little of this, to be sure, but almost wholly lost inside a slick cops-and-robbers movie of somewhat crazed, good-guy robbers hounded by vicious or insane monster cops.

Not having read the book, I cannot say exactly how much has been lost—and Michael Moriarty and Tuesday Weld, though sometimes good actors, must be counted as losses here—but there is surprising pleasure in Nick Nolte's performance. Granted that Nolte has the best part, such a pungently quirky, weirdly idiomatic piece of work from the man who plumbed the depths in *The Deep* is one of those modest miracles that enable us to keep the faith during this dark night of the film. □

The GIMLET EYE

BRING ABBIE HOFFMAN HOME

D. KEITH MANO

"This ain't no damn anti-war reunion," Ossie Davis says, "this is a bivouac in a continuing war."

You can plant frog spit on that one. Bivouac, my aching thole. If this un-Felt Forum raindance is a bivouac, so's a gashful of maggots. I smell the cadaver tank now: Rubin, Seale, Dellinger, Davis, Krassner: all here. They should be sportsmanlike about it and die. There's nothing more abject than yesterday's radical. Abbie Hoffman hasn't been in exile: he's been superannuated, grown out of. Time is your one enduring activist.

The Bring Abbie Hoffman Home Committee presents: *Haven Can't Wait.*

CAST

(Steal This Program)

JUDGE: Taylor Mead

R. NIXON: Rip Torn

PROSECUTOR: David Brooks

DEFENSE: William Kunstler

WITNESSES FOR ABBIE HOFFMAN: William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Josh

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RANDOM NOTES

■ First Peek at November: *New Yorker* cartoonist Edward Koren turns his satire on modern romance in *Are You Happy? And Other Questions Lovers Ask* (Pantheon, $3.95).

■ More from October: *A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts* (Putnam, $12.95) is another collection of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s notes, columns, and essays. . . . Reporter Steven Brill digs wide and deep for facts about *The Teamsters* (Simon & Schuster, $10.95). Brill theorizes, with the help of information from FBI files, about the murder and disposal of Jimmy Hoffa. . . . In *The Disintegrating West* (Hill and Wang, $10), Mary Kaldor argues that the *real* threat to world peace is not the Soviet Union, but rivalry within the West. . . . *War and Remembrance* (Little, Brown, $15) is Herman Wouk's sequel to *The Winds of War*. . . . Richard Condon, the author of *The Manchurian Candidate*, has written another political/spy thriller: *Death of a Politician* (Richard Marek, $10.95). . . . *The Constitution: A Documentary and Narrative History* (Morrow, $19.95) by Page Smith traces the history of the United States Constitution from its intellectual roots to its modern exegesis by liberal Supreme Court Justices. . . . Willie Morris writes an affectionate tribute in *James Jones: A Friendship* (Doubleday, $8.95). . . . In *Strike Back at Cancer* (Prentice-Hall, $12.95), Stephen A. Rapaport advises cancer patients on proper treatment, including an explanation of basic cancer therapies (including Laetrile), and a list of the best cancer doctors (4,734) and treatment centers (246) around the world. . . . *Bearings: A Foreign Correspondent's Life behind the Lines* (Viking, $12.50) is Edward Behr's memoir of reporting during the Algerian revolution and the Vietnam War, and from Mao's China. . . . David Henderson discusses intolerable music and an improbable life in *Jimi Hendrix: Voodoo Child of the Aquarian Age* (Doubleday, $12.95). . . . August Heckscher and Phyllis Robinson cannot say too many nice things about Fiorello LaGuardia in *When LaGuardia Was Mayor: New York's Legendary Years* (Norton, $15).

White, Odetta, Jon Voight (and on and on: big NAMES). Written by Terry Southern and Ciprian Lo Guidice (at $10 per head × maybe 5,000 = $ fifty thousand gross). Does all this sound familiar? In the USSR they have state show trials. But here it's different: here we have *defendant* show trials.

Entertainment, in either case. Back around 1960 or so, weird phenomena lined up—click—on the slot machine face. They had one oxymoronic trait in common: induced spontaneity. Improvisational theater—"happenings" in their crude street form—came up alongside a crescent psychedelic scene. The latter fuddled consciousness and whatever reality it saw; the former undid consciousness in art. A "happening" began with certain props, characters, premises, but would assume very little beyond that: chance (especially emotional or "felt" impulses) stage-directed action. You went with the flow. It was a wildcat strike against form: and against empiricism, cause/effect. The "real" seemed irrational anyhow: world events did not occur sensibly. There was just one way to circumvent this unfairness: remove all motive and expectation, all linear thought, from life, from art. What you don't intend is not subject to disappointment. It was a short, foolish, amusing period. Warhol let his camera merely record: no angle or accent or selection. If you judge art by what-is-accomplished-in-terms-of-what-was-proposed, then this was perfect art for once. It proposed to accomplish nothing. And it was wonderfully successful at that.

So a grotesque, neurotic mode of expression was reaching adulthood (and stupid entropy) just as the long Vietnam-through-Watergate period began. Men like Hoffman and Paul Krassner caught on: the drug/happening "non-technique" could be manipulated for political coin. A contradiction, of course: motive will enervate the spontaneous: they lived incongruity day after day. There were trade-offs, though: Vietnam lent vigor and meaning to what seemed hardly more than a mass self-indulgence. And Yippie tactics were Simon simple: they would turn the audience into theater. Innocent people "doing their thing" were set against professionals: i.e., the Establishment, that well-rehearsed cast. Improvisation, naturalness *v.* dull and predictable line-study. Well before, a similar movement had taken place off-Broadway, in film: with interesting, if erratic, effect. And, by implication, through contrast, old forms were burlesqued.

Policemen are in costume. A political convention has its story-line. And, at cork center in any free nation, there presides that most austere, habit-bound passion-play: the trial. It was here that Yippies—their Chicago Seven Roadshow in particular—could improvise most formidably. At one point, Rubin will remind us, Hoffman and he appeared with judges' robes on. To top Rubin, quick-change Hoffman wore a Chicago police uniform underneath. The Establishment can't easily ad lib; actor and audience interlard. The illusion which is theater (and which is law: a set of assumptions about human civility no more credible, at base, than Caliban or Ariel) has been objected to: and that objection perhaps momentarily sustained. Convention, trial: the more rigorous a structure, the more impressive and daring Yippie counter-theater would seem.

It's ten years—*ten*—since Chicago: and what have we here? A trial "happening" but written and over-written by Terry Southern. They can't crank naturalness up now; counter-theater is itself rigid, establishmentarian as a Noh play. William Kunstler had less cover than Tempest Storm, yet he's blown even that. Actor-Kunstler will play the part of lawyer-Kunstler: a single buffoon. To raise backing, like any CMA film packager, they milk box-office names: Torn and Voight and White. Yippies have ever appealed to the Hollywood naïf. It's obvious why: they plugged each other in the media: news overlaps entertainment. And they both wanted the same thing: quick stardom. The Yippies, unfortunately, had no talent: once their long-running dramatic vehicle—Vietnam/Watergate—was dropped by the networks, they were no more than a nostalgia item: so many Buffalo Bob Smiths on tour at State U.

A frail, winsome voice. Abbie speaking to us from somewhere on Memorex tape. He hopes he won't shatter anyone's eyeglass lens. His mother has been sending him dental floss by the

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crate: "She says: Your teeth are important." There is no program; no revolutionary diction. "Abbie we need you," they've been saying all night. And what do they get? Some kind of Woody Allen routine: charming enough. A Jewish comic—no more than that—in exile.

Communist propaganda is shoved at me outside. "The Yippies are a CIA front . . . sidetracking people with drugs and counterculture as a substitute for revolutionary class consciousness . . ." Febrile nonsense, sure: yet accurate, though fetal, perceptions are there. The Yippie movement was never *serious*; upstaged Communists understood that. And I begin to think (I close my mind on Southeast Asia first)—that the Vietnam-Watergate affliction was a positive event. The Left peaked: nowhere to go. Peaked as, in many ways, the Right peaked after Hiss. Free cocaine, orgies on TV, environmentalism: there's not one issue left with an eighth the market value of Proposition 13. So let Abbie Hoffman come home (can you even remember what he was indicted for?). Exile will only prop up a specious mystique. Bring on their clowns. The tent emptied out a long time ago. □

BOOKS

The Snow Leopard
By Peter Matthiessen
Viking, 338 pp., $12.95

FROM DEATH UNTO DEATH

DONALD HALL

Peter Matthiessen's novels include *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* and *Far Tortuga*; his nonfiction, *The Cloud Forest* and *The Tree Where Man Was Born*. For a long time, his writing has been vigorous, metaphoric, exact, luminous, coherent, and resolved. If one sensed that something was lacking, one did not know what to call it. In *The Snow Leopard*, Matthiessen's newest and best book, he tells us: "Not so long ago I could say truthfully that I had not shed a tear in twenty years." When I read this sentence, I suddenly knew:

his older books—for all their elegance, for all their correct passion for land and wilderness, for all their steady intelligence—lacked the tribute of Matthiessen's tears.

In *The Snow Leopard* Matthiessen narrates a two months' journey through the Himalayas in Nepal, where he accompanied a field biologist in pursuit of the blue sheep; both men hoped as well to observe the rare snow leopard which preys upon the sheep. Matthiessen's narrative follows the painful trail with agonizing precision; his descriptive passages render mountain, animal, child, bird, and plant with scrupulous richness. One senses cold, fatigue, eye-pain, relief, danger, ecstasy, discomfort, warmth. Every sentence seems sentient.

If the narrative is real, so is the man who tells it. Before he starts out from Katmandu he revisits the Asian bazaar where in 1961 he had bought a "small bronze Buddha, green with age." He mentions that he and his wife studied Zen Buddhism together, and then tells us, as if he were drifting off into anecdote, that it was this Buddha which he "chose for a small altar in Deborah's room in the New York hospital where she died last year of cancer, in the winter."

It is this death which lets tears come, and opens the way past tears. *The Snow Leopard* is a serious book, as few books are serious, because it arises from a death, and returns to death itself and all our deaths, without morbidity and without nervous levity; with a clear, level, unavoiding gaze. It is a religious book, a book which tells us how to live.

The narrative journey's end is Shey Gompa, a good place to observe blue sheep because man does not kill blue sheep at Shey Gompa; the Llama of the Crystal Monastery will not allow it. Walking and climbing toward the Crystal Mountain, Matthiessen speaks of Buddhism, and in the course of this overland journey we learn a great deal about historical Buddhism—and more importantly we witness or feel Buddhism through the speech of a grieving man. We also understand the spiritual emptiness from which Matthiessen's search began. He remembers from his youth: "I only knew that at the bottom of each breath there was a hollow place that needed to be filled."

Perhaps decades from now it will be obvious that in the last years we have moved beyond a three-century-long secular interpretation of man's passage on earth. "For this is the Kali Yuga," Matthiessen writes toward the end of this book, "the Dark Age, when all the great faiths of mankind are on the wane." I suspect that they have begun to wax again, but of course the majority of contemporary academics and intellectuals, journalists and professionals, remain secular, considering themselves liberated from superstition, like bright-eyed Victorians. Therefore they are liberated into a shallowness which is historically extraordinary, as humanly extreme as anything we remember from an earlier Dark Age: any children's crusade, any inquisition. This shallowness is the religion of the suburbs and of the middle classes; this shallowness accounts for the current obscenity of old age and death. Something obscene is something which we put beyond ourselves, in order not to look at it: thus Sun City and the Retirement Home; thus the cement casket and the plastic chicken.

It will not do. For decades in his cold tower of wit and moral intellect, Matthiessen like many of us struggled to escape the secular without knowing what he was struggling toward. Drugs promised much and gave little. The study of Zen—so inviting to the rational mind—promised little, intrigued much, and made preparation. But it was the accident of his young wife's death—his co-student of Zen—that worked with his studies to spin Matthiessen's spirit out of its old path, to unlock his tears, and through grief to allow his unlocked spirit to flow in a

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religious pilgrimage. *The Snow Leopard* is the record of that pilgrimage.

There is little overt grief in this book; it is not flown like a flag; but the glimpse we catch of it permits the rest of the book its profundity. Experience of the natural world becomes one with Buddhist understanding, with experience of loss, with acceptance of loss. Religious feeling leads to one state in particular—on its way it implies and necessitates certain behavior—which is a condition of blessedness in which time is canceled and death is known and fully accepted: death of self, of species, of civilization, of mountain, even of wife or child. "No snowflake ever falls in the wrong place."

Zen is Matthiessen's special study, but his religion is eclectic; Jesus wanders through this book, together with Hindu teaching and of course Tantric Buddhism. Milarepa helps him, when he has a bad dream after precipitous climbing, and when he is frightened as well of something he is not remembering:

> Returning to his village after many years (he was born about fifty miles north of Katmandu, on the Tibetan side of the present-day frontier), Mila discovers the decayed corpse of his mother, no more than a mound of dirt and rags in her fallen hut; shaken by grief and horror, he remembers the instruction of his guru, the Lama Marpa, to embrace all that he most fears or finds repugnant, the better to realize that everything in the Universe, being inseparably related, is therefore holy. And so he makes a headrest of the sad remains of the erstwhile White Garland of the Nyang and lies upon them for seven days, in a deep, clear state of *samadhi*. This Tantric discipline to overcome ideas of "horror," often performed while sitting on a corpse or in the graveyard in the dark of night, is known as *chöd*. Since trusting to life must finally mean making peace with death, I perform some mild *chöd* of my own, forcing myself to look over the precipice whenever I can manage it.

Before he leaves the Crystal Mountain, Matthiessen returns to see the Llama of the Monastery a last time. Karma Tupjala is a *tulken* or reincarnation of his predecessor, 52, badly crippled with arthritis. Because of his twisted legs, he will never leave this place, from which exit is achieved only by arduous walking. Matthiessen is about to leave—to return to New York (I supply this thought) and to the *Paris Review*, to Elaine's, to the secular world where, when you speak of profound feeling (of God, of grief), people laugh as if you were joking, or lower their eyes unable to meet yours —and he asks through his interpreter Jang-bu how the Llama feels about his isolation here; he asks this question knowing that the answer will show the way. This is the answer:

> Indicating his twisted legs without a trace of self-pity or bitterness, as if they belonged to all of us, he casts his arms wide to the sky and the Snow Mountains, the high sun and dancing sheep, and cries, "Of course I am happy here! It's wonderful! *Especially* when I have no choice."

And Peter Matthiessen never does see the snow leopard. Or perhaps he does; there is a glimpsed shape which *could* have been a snow leopard. But it doesn't matter, for the whole book is the snow leopard. □

Mr. Hall is a poet and the author of a number of books, of which the most recent is Remembering Poets.

The Baby in the Bottle
By William A. Nolen
Coward, McCann, 253 pp., $8.95

PICKLED ROE

M. J. SOBRAN

A desperately fair-minded book, this: a review of, and rumination on, the Edelin case. Dr. Kenneth Edelin, it will be recalled, was the physician who tried to perform an abortion and wound up the defendant in a sensational manslaughter case in Boston a few years ago. Naturally, he became a symbol, as pro-abortion forces rallied to his support, and anti-abortionists recoiled.

Midway through the abortion, Edelin apparently found not only that the child had survived his saline injection, but that he—the boy—was further along than had been thought: nearly six months. The child might have lived. Did Edelin reach into the uterus and suffocate him? That became the legal question. The jury convicted him. The Massachusetts Supreme Court overturned the conviction.

The author, William A. Nolen (*The Making of a Surgeon*), thinks Edelin was morally guilty and probably legally so, but would have acquitted him on grounds of reasonable doubt. He also thinks Edelin was taking the rap for his superiors, who condoned this sort of surgery and much else.

The Edelin trial was almost an accident. It came to pass because Boston City Hospital had become the subject of scandal: three of its doctors had published a study of the effects of drugs on the livers of fetuses scheduled for abortion. This ghoulish endeavor created such an uproar that the city felt obliged to investigate, and it hit on Edelin's botched abortion. Prosecution ensued, and more uproar.

COMPLICATING everything was the fact that Edelin was black. Technically rather than obviously—like so many things in this case. Liberals who had already seen the case as an assault on the sacrament of abortion now added charges of racism. Edelin advanced from bungler to martyr. Privately the prosecutor grumbled that he'd never have dared touch the case if he'd known Edelin wasn't white. Too late now, though. The media were in full cry too—all on Edelin's side, depicting his foes as bigots and I---h C------cs. One newspaper even sent a girl reporter disguised as a patient to spy on a young doctor who was giving testimony for the city.

But what was *not* at stake was the new right to abort. The prosecutor didn't raise the issue, nor was he trying to intimidate the industry. He was simply trying to draw the line, the line that (given the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling) eventually had to be drawn somewhere, somehow; and it seemed reasonable to start with the pickled child in the BCH lab.

The case finally came down to arbitrary matters of definition and fact. Definition: Was a live fetus, detached from but not yet out of his mother's womb, "liveborn"? (Authorities differ.) Fact: Did Edelin actually hold the fetus —little Master Roe—so as to prevent him from breathing for three fatal minutes? (Witnesses differ.)

So was Edelin guilty? The yeas and

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nays broke down pretty much along the lines of opposition and favor on the issue of abortion itself. Those who favored it saw nothing questionable in his act, and even made him a hero; where *would* they draw the line? (Do they believe in lines?)

Yet the jury scrupulously suppressed racial and religious considerations, settled their differences, and came to a sober conclusion. One key factor was a photo of poor Roe. They couldn't believe Edelin had been even minimally conscientious about giving the little fellow a crack at life. Manslaughter, remember, can consist in negligence, not just a positive act. Edelin had the right to abort him, but he also had a duty to try to save him if it was at all possible.

Nolen tells the whole story with care, unconfusing the issues along the way. While fair to all the persons involved, he doesn't withhold his own feelings and judgments. He thinks there is practically no such thing as a "therapeutic" abortion. He believes Dr. Giminez rather than nurse Curtis about the three minutes, though he thinks both are honest people. He thinks Edelin was much to blame, though he also thinks the senior doctors, knowing the ropes better, scurried out of harm's way and left him holding the bag when the prosecutor arrived: they deserved a trial too. The Roe abortion was by no means the only dubious procedure at BCH.

It all fascinates, and depresses. But in the last two chapters Nolen leaves off telling the story and offers his own rather apologetic convictions. He hates abortion, but then he was raised in an Irish Catholic home. He has never performed one, but he refers patients to doctors who do. He thinks it is usually a bad solution, but he wouldn't forbid anyone to get one. He actually accepts abortion-on-demand up to about the twentieth week, but he thinks society ought to discourage it even while it tolerates it. He believes in individual responsibility, but he thinks the government should pay for abortions resulting "from rape or from ignorance of methods of birth control." He wants birth control information given to everyone, but acknowledges that this wouldn't really solve the problem, since many abortion-seekers knew all about it. And so on. Plausible, in some ways, but awfully wishy-washy. He fears that abortion cheapens life and may lead "to the end of civilization as we know it," euthanasia and all that. He hates pain, and wants a world with a minimum of trouble, really. You can't dislike him. But there is something just plain disappointing about a human being whose principal virtue is that he is *nice*.

Footnote: Another reviewer has complained because Nolen withholds the Big Secret of his Irish-Catholic past until the end. Maybe those people should wear armbands. Voluntarily, of course. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE STRUCTURE OF MARX'S WORLDVIEW, *by John McMurty (Princeton, 269 pp., $15).* If reading Marx is dull as death, reading Marxian exegetes becomes, almost by necessity, the best cure for insomnia since Ny-tol. Still, McMurty's laddered clarification of Marx's views on human nature, technology, economic structure—drawing on early and obscure works to adumbrate topics where Marx said little, and that poorly—is not without its rewards. (Of sex, Marx "says very little, and furthermore talks only in terms of species-reproductive acts.") Moreover, the chapter on human nature reinforces that dreary maxim of German Communism: If Marxism and human nature are incompatible, then human nature must change. In discussing Marx and the state, the author lucidly reconciles Marx's view of the governmental superstructure as the repressive mechanism of the ruling class with the need for the passage of social legislation. Best of all is the concluding sentence to the chapter on technology: "Technology is, in a word, the Marxian Providence."

GERALD T. DUNNE

THE SCOURGE, *by Thomas L. Dunne (Coward, McCann, 312 pp., $9.95).* On the face of it, the story line seems about as much fun as the Khmer Rouge. In the opening scene, set in the 1980s, an Italo-American housewife dies of cancer, and the reader is made to feel both her suffering and her husband's anguish. Similarly morbid closeups follow. Flash to the big picture: a statistical wizard at the NIH notices a small but significant increase in the incidence of cancer, projects his figures, and foresees an epidemic that may kill a hundred million Americans within a year. The epidemic materializes and becomes worldwide, devastating the entire planet except for scattered areas of extreme poverty and, mysteriously, the Soviet Union and parts of China. Scientists struggle valiantly but vainly to find cause or cure; surgeons, operating under MASH-like conditions, are forced to resort to a system of triage in which victims over sixty are given analgesics and simply allowed to die. And the scourge goes on, wreaking its ghastly toll. The danger with such a plot is its nightmarish quality; it wants to degenerate into an unresolved and unresolvable chaos. That danger is compounded when the author has, as Tom Dunne does, a macabre comic imagination. A government crash program to alleviate the suffering by passing out suicide tablets is dubbed Operation Nightcap. In the general panic, cults proliferate: one such is convinced that masturbation has brought on the epidemic and organizes to eliminate that sin; another is convinced that masturbation is the only preventive and tries to organize a mass-turbation. A riot that destroys Atlanta is rendered as a marvelous parody of the scene in *Gone with the Wind*. The central character, a scientist named Zimmerman, is a first-class schmuck who gets cancer of the schmuck, his affliction being discovered when a spy administers fellatio to him. President Thomas Wilson, a caricature of Woodrow Wilson, first tries to keep the epidemic a secret and then, convinced that the whole thing is a Soviet plot, proposes to rise to presidential greatness by pushing the biological warfare button. The cause of the epidemic, when found, leads to the most bizarre climax since Dr. No was buried under a mountain of guano. But the danger of overwriting is avoided. For Dunne's imagination is tempered by a quality that is too often missing—discipline. He keeps his story under tight rein. The excitement of the search, the political twists, the zany episodes are skillfully blended; the medical and scientific details are handled convincingly; interspersed through the narrative are gruesome but finely drawn vignettes of individual victims, to remind us of the terrible reality of disease. Thus a plot that could have got out of hand never does: it moves swiftly, suspensefully, chillingly onward. The book is so compelling that John Greenway will not be able to put it down, and everybody knows John Greenway can put down *anything*. Don't wait for the movie. The story has all the ingredients of a super flick, but Hollywood will probably botch it. The TV series, now—that's something else again. I can see it clearly: the format is an ongoing search, as in *The Fugitive*, with maybe Chad Everett as the dedicated scientist, trying week after week to track down the evil virus, played by Telly Savalas or perhaps Farrah Fawcett-Majors.

FORREST MCDONALD

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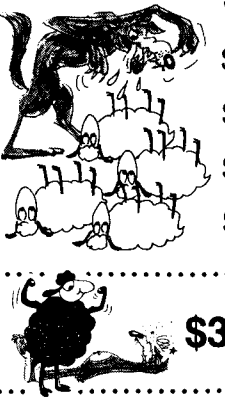

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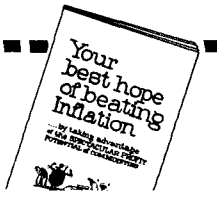

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IT IS CONVENTIONAL wisdom in the publishing business that anthologies make poor reading and weak sales—an axiom that would seem to apply in spades to any anthology compiled by congressmen.

Can You Afford This House? (Caroline House, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; $2.95) refutes this theory in conclusive fashion. This group of essays by 26 lawmakers associated with the Republican Study Committee of the House of Representatives is a well conceived and smartly executed survey of current issues in our politics, revealing in clear detail the nature of the problems confronting the nation and setting forth a proposed agenda for improvement.

The volume is edited by Representative David C. Treen of Louisiana, who serves as Study Committee chairman. Treen contributes a cogent analysis of the procedural flaws in congressional operations, focusing on such matters as redundant committee assignments, endless quorum calls, and frequent voting in ignorance of the matters under discussion. The evils complained of, he concludes, stem chiefly from the desire of Congress to legislate on anything and everything, assuming a supervisory mandate over American life that is impossible on the face of it. Other chapters on congressional reform are contributed by Representatives Armstrong of Colorado, Dickinson of Alabama, and Erlenborn of Illinois.

The failings of regulatory government in a substantive sense are recounted by Representatives Schulze of Pennsylvania, Hansen of Idaho, Moorhead of California, and Robinson of Virginia. Especially useful are essays by Representatives Quayle of Indiana and Grassley of Iowa, showing the exponential growth of government and the counterproductive results which have ensued from it. Representatives Kemp of New York and Rousselot of California follow this discussion with proposals for slashing back the burden of taxes and getting the federal budget under control.

Specific problem areas on the domestic side are covered by Representatives Holt of Maryland (poverty), Goodling of Pennsylvania (welfare), Lott of Mississippi (immigration), Burgener of California (farm policy), Symms of Idaho (energy), Walker of Pennsylvania (quotas), and the late Bill Ketchum of California (Social Security). Essays on defense and foreign policy are contributed by Representatives Beard of Tennessee, Spence of South Carolina, Marriott of Utah, Crane and Derwinski of Illinois, and Badham and Dornan of California.

The problems thus documented at the federal level are also emerging in state and local politics, according to California State Senator H. L. "Bill" Richardson. In *What Makes You Think We Read the Bills?* (also available from Caroline House; $7.95), this nationally known state legislator points out that all the official elephantiasis, presumed omniscience, and eagerness to manipulate the lives of others which we associate so fondly with the Federal Government are hallmarks of state government as well. Granted that California is further along this road than most, the humorous insights provided by Richardson indicate the problems are simply intrinsic to government as it is practiced today in the United States.

WAYS AND MEANS of correcting the situation are suggested in *The Taxpayer's Guide to Effective Tax Revolt*, by Sheldon Engelmayer and Robert J. Wagman (Dale Books, Inc., 380 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; $1.95). This is more or less what the title indicates—a handbook describing the nature of the problem, then setting forth in laundry-list fashion a program for organizing and carrying into effect a citizens' resistance. The authors provide a thumbnail history of such reforms as the Jarvis-Gann amendment, constitutional tax limitation efforts in Michigan and Tennessee, the Kemp-Roth federal tax-cut bill, and other suggested legislative remedies. □

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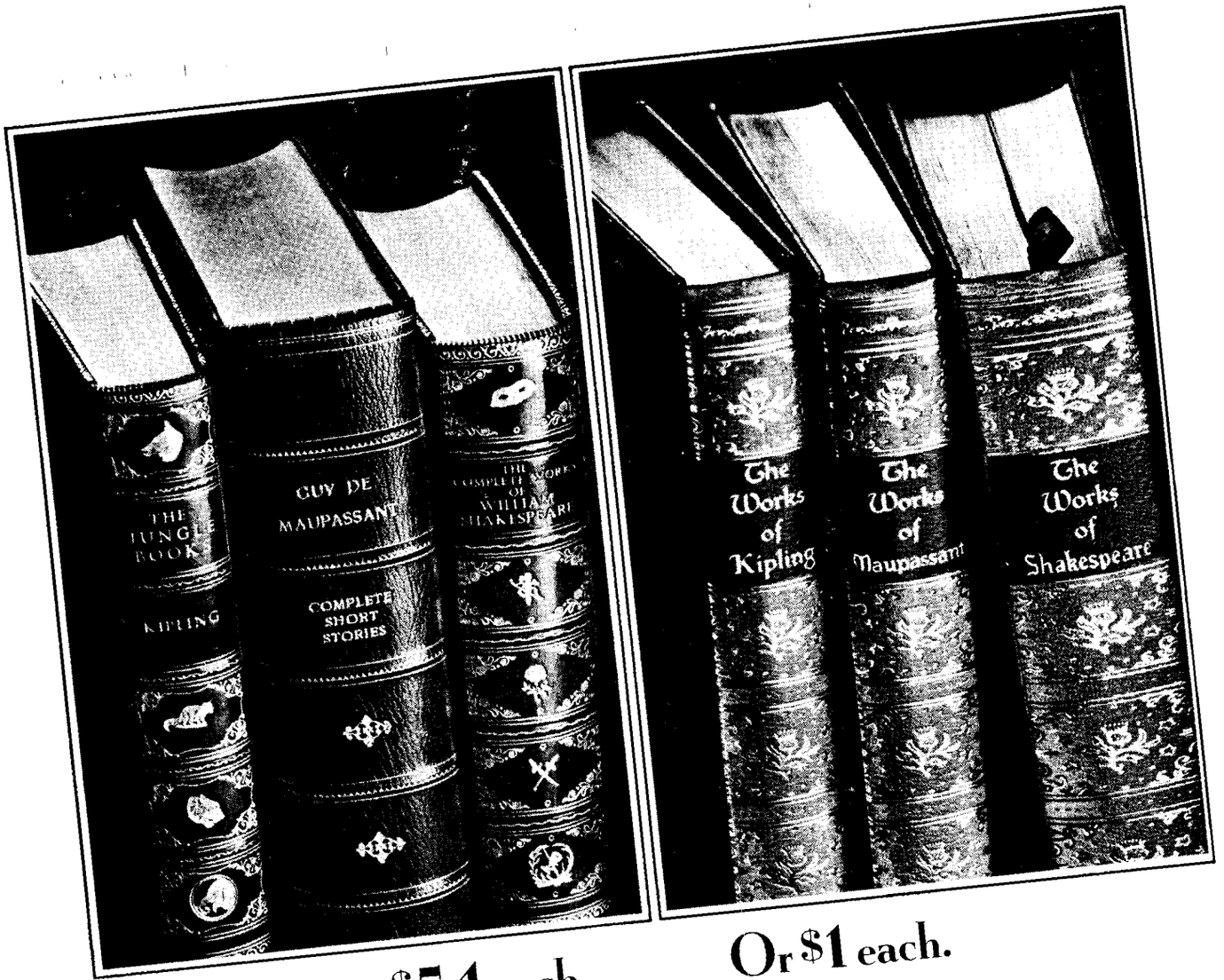

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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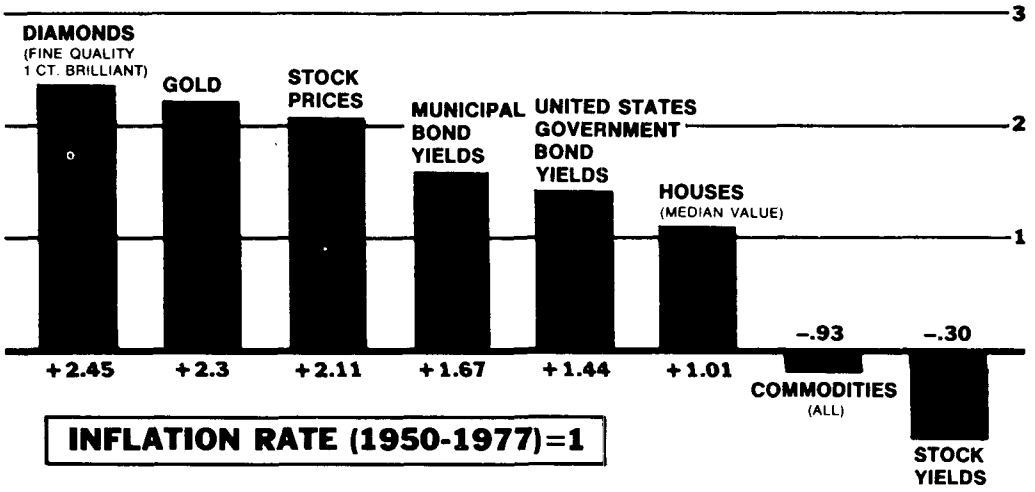

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This chart was prepared by Dr. Michael Leyzorek; a former Rutgers Professor and consultant to the Central Selling Organization of DeBeers Consolidated Mines Ltd. (the worldwide monopoly that controls over 85% of all diamond supply. Due to their cartel nature, DeBeers is prohibited by law from doing business under their name in this country. In the U.S., Dr. Leyzorek is a consultant to only one diamond investment company—The Diamond Guild of America Ltd.)

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*U.S. News & World Report, July 12, 1976

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Hooray!

On The Right

New York, Sept. 20—Concerning Camp David, a few observations:

1. Granted it is not yet chicken-counting time, we all owe a great debt to President Carter. For all the talk about how it is not possible to break through accumulated historical and ideological grievances unless objective events compel it, every now and then someone comes up to prove it can be done. De Gaulle did it with the Germans after the war. And now—although the initial credit remains that of Sadat for venturing first to Jerusalem—Jimmy Carter has done it. We do not know at this writing exactly how it went inside the enclosure, but we know enough to conclude that if it had not been for the relentless determination of Mr. Carter, the meeting would have broken up. We do not know what was the blend of suasion and muscle he used, but he should patent it, and use it in certain other quarters of the globe that come to mind. Mr. Carter has not been so persuasive since he addressed the voters of New Hampshire. For today, he is king, and deserves a low bow.

2. The prospect for the future success of the so-called "frameworks" rests primarily with Saudi Arabia, if one reasons correctly. The financing of the independence of Jordan has been accomplished primarily by Saudi Arabia, though to be sure with some help from the United States. It is critical that King Hussein should agree to a division of civic responsibility in the West Bank. If King Khalid tells him that is what is needed for the composure of Arabia, the probability is that Hussein will have no choice. He is not going to Moscow to get help with which to resist the West Bank settlement, and the PLO does not have the resources to do it alone.

QUESTION: Will the Saudis go along? Here it is likely that there is going to be some hard bargaining on the matter of East Jerusalem, to the return of which to Muslim power the Saudi Arabian sheiks have been undividedly loyal. Is there a compromise? One suggests itself, namely, the ceding, to the Muslims, of the actual Muslim holy sites. To be operated by Muslims, who would have total authority over them—much as embassies are, by treaty, foreign enclaves. (If you are born in the British Embassy in Washington, you are born a little Englishman, courtesy of *lex solis*.) To maintain the sanctity of the holy places, it is not necessary to run the local fire departments and police. The cession by Israel of actual territorial sovereignty would be a gesture of good faith which would in no significant way result in the atomization of civil authority in Jerusalem.

3. The immediate denunciation of Camp David by the Soviet Union suggests the fear the Soviets have of stability. During the next few weeks and months the Soviet Union will do everything it can to stand in the way of the reification of the Camp David understandings. This means giving the Syrians material aid, encouraging the Palestinian terrorists, hyping up Qaddafi (if such a thing is possible). But the cogency of the prospective arrangements is overwhelming, and within Iraq, and even Syria, it must be made plain by Western diplomats what it is the Soviet Union wants. Of overarching importance is the stability of Iran and of Turkey. Iran in particular is the other pincer to Saudi Arabia, there to provide both pressure, and cover, for the consolidation of peaceful arrangements. The threat of direct intervention by the Soviet Union is a threat the United States should be prepared to confront.

4. As to the means by which the agreements were reached, may we now finally bury the saw about open covenants, openly arrived at? One leak to Jack Anderson could have ruined the whole thing. And now a quotation: "Under the Nixon and Ford Administrations, there . . . evolved a kind of secretive 'lone-ranger' foreign policy—a one-man policy of international adventure. A foreign policy based on secrecy inherently has to be closely guarded and amoral, and we have had to forgo openness, consultation, and a constant adherence to fundamental principles and high moral standards." Lest all this go to his head, that statement was merely Candidate Carter, campaigning in 1976. □

ON KEEPING NIXON DOWN ON THE FARM

New York, Sept. 25—Anyone with a mortician's interest in the decomposition of socialist thought should have a look at an article in a recent *New Republic* by Professor Irving Howe, who struggles mightily to give artificial respiration to all the old clichés, and ends by reciting a child's garden of socialist verses, as if nothing had happened all these years to stimulate his mind. Reading him is like reading Beatrice and Sidney Webb. If we do not succeed in restoring capital punishment for particularly sadistic murderers, I will settle for sentencing them to read the collected works of Beatrice and Sidney, though most people would go gratefully to the chair instead.

But Professor Howe inadvertently makes one interesting point. In his pursuit of Irving Kristol, Howe fires his Big Bertha. And you can tell, it isn't an attack fueled entirely by ideological differences. You see, Irving Howe and Irving Kristol were students together at CCNY, and Irving Howe recruited Irving Kristol into the Young People's Socialist League in the late Thirties. Subsequently, Irving Kristol grew up, and Irving Howe, understandably, resents this.

So Howe writes about Kristol—generally accepted as the leader of the "neo-conservative" movement; author of *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, and editor and founder of *The Public Interest*: "Kristol . . . imprudently endorsed Richard Nixon as the candidate of 'prudence.' I assume that conservative thinkers drawn to theologies of Guilt can yield to the smaller experience of shame."

It is appropriate, I think, to make a general statement at this point about Richard Nixon. It is everywhere ac-

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knowledged that Mr. Nixon is attempting a "comeback." What is meant by "a comeback" isn't that he intends to run for President, or even for alderman. It means that he feels that his confinement in San Clemente is over, and that if he desires to travel to Kentucky, or to New York City, he should feel free to do so without previously asking the permission of Irving Howe or even the *Washington Post*. If the government of Australia does not desire Mr. Nixon to travel there, that is a matter between Australia and Mr. Nixon. The fact that Australia should recognize that Nixon is other than merely a U.S. citizen is itself indirect acknowledgment that he is still a considerable political presence.

NOW THE POINT Mr. Howe is seeking to make is that anybody who voted for Nixon in 1972, in preference to George McGovern, should be at least Ashamed, preferably Guilty. This is a venture in retroactive ideological opportunism appropriate to people who defend the positions Irving Howe defends. One must assume that Irving Kristol did not know, when he voted for Nixon in November 1972, that Nixon was implicated in Watergate. But one would think it would be at the very least "prudent" to vote for Nixon in November 1972—even if one had had secret information that he had attempted to rifle the headquarters of the Democratic Party—the alternative being to vote for McGovern. What Nixon did he should not have done, and few men have suffered more acutely for their sins. But to suggest that anyone should have been ashamed of voting for him in 1972 is on the order of saying that Mr. and Mrs. Borden should have known better than to breed Lizzie.

The shamelessly seductive Shana Alexander, on CBS's *60 Minutes*, spoke most uncharitably about Mr. Nixon's leaving San Clemente. Exactly three days later, she attended a party celebrating the 15th anniversary of *60 Minutes*. And guess who one of the guests at that party was? Gordon Liddy, chief executor of Watergate. Everybody—so far as I could see—was being very nice to Gordon Liddy, who is a very charming man, married to a woman as attractive as Shana Alexander. Why is it okay to fraternize with Mr. Liddy, but monstrous to listen to Mr. Nixon if he wants to say something about a world about which the only good thing we can say is that it is a lot better off for having rejected George McGovern in 1972? □

NO TRESPASSING

New York, Sept. 18—I have here a memorandum "To: Deans, Directors, and Department Heads" of the various branches of the University of Connecticut, from "The University Comptroller." Re? "Travel to States Which Have Not Ratified ERA."

It begins: "The following memorandum was issued June 15, 1978 by J. Edward Caldwell, State Comptroller: 'In compliance with the directive from Governor [Ella] Grasso, the Office of the State Comptroller will approve trips by state employees to the following states, who [sic] have not ratified ERA, only if the requests are supported by an explanation showing that the trip is "essential to the welfare of the people of the State of Connecticut."'" There follows a list of the 15 offending states, beginning with Alabama and ending with Virginia.

For the convenience of Connecticut's scholars, the University Comptroller goes on to suggest an appropriate form for those scholars who wish to venture into the male sexist states on trips essential to the welfare of the people of Connecticut. You can say, for instance, that you need to go to Illinois (that's one of the prohibited states) to do "research necessitated by and supported from federal, industrial, or foundation grants." In other words, if you are Professor Henry Arbuthnot, studying the history of municipal government in Chicago on a federal grant being supplemented by a grant from the department of government of the University of Connecticut—then, obviously, you have to go to Chicago. Otherwise—no money.

Or, you can say that you want to study "the improvement in administrative or teaching procedures." But if I were the University Comptroller, and a professor came to me telling me he wanted to go to study teaching procedures in Illinois, or North Carolina, or Virginia, I should think that, in the spirit of the Grasso Manifesto, I'd be forced to rule that the *last* thing we need for the welfare of the people of the State of Connecticut is a study of how the people of Illinois got taught to be so stupid as not to endorse the Equal Rights Amendment. I'd say no to *that* in a minute.

Or, an excuse authorized is: "To meet the scheduled activities of student programs (Athletics . . . etc.)." But why should Connecticut students play football in Missouri, or Louisiana, or Oklahoma, or any other state so benighted as to disagree with Mrs. Grasso on whether the ERA is constitutionally desirable?

The operative phrase—"essential to the welfare of the people of the State of Connecticut"—is itself provocative. "Essential" means—well, "essential." It is hard to see why it is "essential" to the welfare of the people of Connecticut for faculty members to travel anywhere. It is perhaps "desirable"—but the reason why "desirable" and "essential" are different words is that they have different meanings. Governor Grasso's use of words is constitutionally protected even without the ERA; but the carelessness with which she uses them in sending out ukases telling professors where they can travel is a matter, if not essential, at least desirable for the people of Connecticut to consider—in particular in a year in which Mrs. Grasso is seeking re-election.

Governor Grasso's war against 15 of her sister states, among them five of the original 13 colonies, suggests a broadening of the political horizons. If Mrs. Grasso will not permit her scholars to travel to Virginia, why would she permit them to travel to the Soviet Union? Or—come to think of it—to any of the 122 nations in the world where there is no parliamentary democracy? But here is the really interesting hypothetical question. There is, really, no reason to believe that the voters of Connecticut are better educated than, say, the voters of Illinois. Suppose that the legislature of the State of Connecticut had voted against the ERA. What would then have been appropriate? To require the professors of the University of Connecticut to teach outside the state's borders? That would make for a very interesting situation: Connecticut students commuting to schools outside Connecticut, as a gesture of protest against the legislature. Alas, there are still people around, and not only in the 15 contaminated states, who will judge Governor Grasso's petulance to be, well, bitchy. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Making things from raw material — 77 12 24 108 59 171 178 186 199 14 / 151 94 133

B. A little Spanish town not far from Andorra (add years to your life there) — 88 181 109 197

C. What Einstein called genealogy — 92 19 45 66 81 103 170 132 194 40

D. What young discharged servicemen are called — 105 118 195 71 191 180 141 57

E. One who owns or manages a plant that makes things from raw material — 112 42 145 162 35 175 31 74 91 135 / 147 174 13

F. What a florist recites to make flowers grow — 129 122 138 167 196 36 99 150 188 136 / 202 18 29

G. Large city boards of education ought to give this person combat pay — 160 101 127 176 83 117 124 144 177 166 / 22 27 72

H. *What You Will* (put in your *or*) — 173 73 30 38 49 84 26 55 78 85 / 97 179

I. Town in southeastern part of Central African Empire — 50 3 53

J. Money saved for a rainy day — 184 76 110 152 90 47 201

K. Ratification of this would bring woman down to man's level — 189 107 15 34 39 51 54 79 89 96 / 125 140 146 193 172 200 156 6 17 / 25

L. To lay eggs—insect eggs, that is — 58 60 93 161 155 206 142 111

M. Petroleum — 82 100 157 65 205 134 182

N. A zinc-deficiency disease of deciduous woody plants — 123 190 67 69 159 168 164 203 46 8

O. An Indian tribe of the Lake Superior region — 2 198 9 116 126 130

P. This is used for deep-sea observation — 163 37 64 70 153 185 52 80 23 169 / 98

Q. These insects can't fly, according to scientists, but they don't know it and fly anyway — 192 86 106 121

R. Contemptible — 28 120 1 11 113 63 20 137 43

S. A former senator from New York — 41 32 62 7

T. Term which makes some elderly people's teeth gnash (including mine) — 48 128 148 165 68 119 154 183 187 5 / 143 16 114

U. The femur — 56 102 61 95 131 4 149 204 33

V. *Acorus Calamus* — 75 21 104 158 87 44 10 115 139

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1300 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 R	2 O	3 I	4 U	5 T	6 K	7 S		8 N	9 O	10 V	11 R		12 A		13 E	14 A	15 K
16 T		17 K	18 F	19 C	20 R		21 V	22 G	23 P	24 A		25 K	26 H	27 G	28 R		29 F	30 H
31 E	32 S	33 U		34 K	35 E		36 F	37 P	38 H	39 K	40 C	41 S	42 E	43 R		44 V	45 C	46 N
47 J	48 T		49 H	50 I	51 K		52 P	53 I	54 K	55 H	56 U	57 D		58 L	59 A		60 L	61 U
62 S	63 R		64 P	65 M	66 C	67 N		68 T	69 N	70 P	71 D	72 G	73 H	74 E	75 V	76 J		77 A
78 H	79 K	80 P	81 C		82 M	83 G	84 H		85 H	86 Q	87 V		88 B		89 K	90 J	91 E	92 C
93 L	94 A	95 U		96 K	97 H	98 P	99 F		100M	101G	102U	103C	104V	105D	106Q		107K	108A
109B	110J	111L	112E	113R	114T	115V	116O	117G	118D		119T	120R	121Q	122F	123N	124G	125K	
126O	127G	128T	129F		130O		131U	132C	133A	134M	135E	136F		137R	138F	139V	140K	141D
142L	143T	144G	145E		146K	147E	148T	149U	150F	151A	152J	153P		154T	155L	156K	157M	158V
159N	160G		161L	162E	163P	164N	165T	166G		167F	168N	169P	170C	171A	172K	173H	174E	
175E	176G		177G	178A	179H		180D	181B	182M	183T	184J	185P	186A		187T	188F	189K	190N
191D		192Q	193K	194C	195D	196F	197B		198O	199A	200K	201J	202F	203N	204U	205M	206L	

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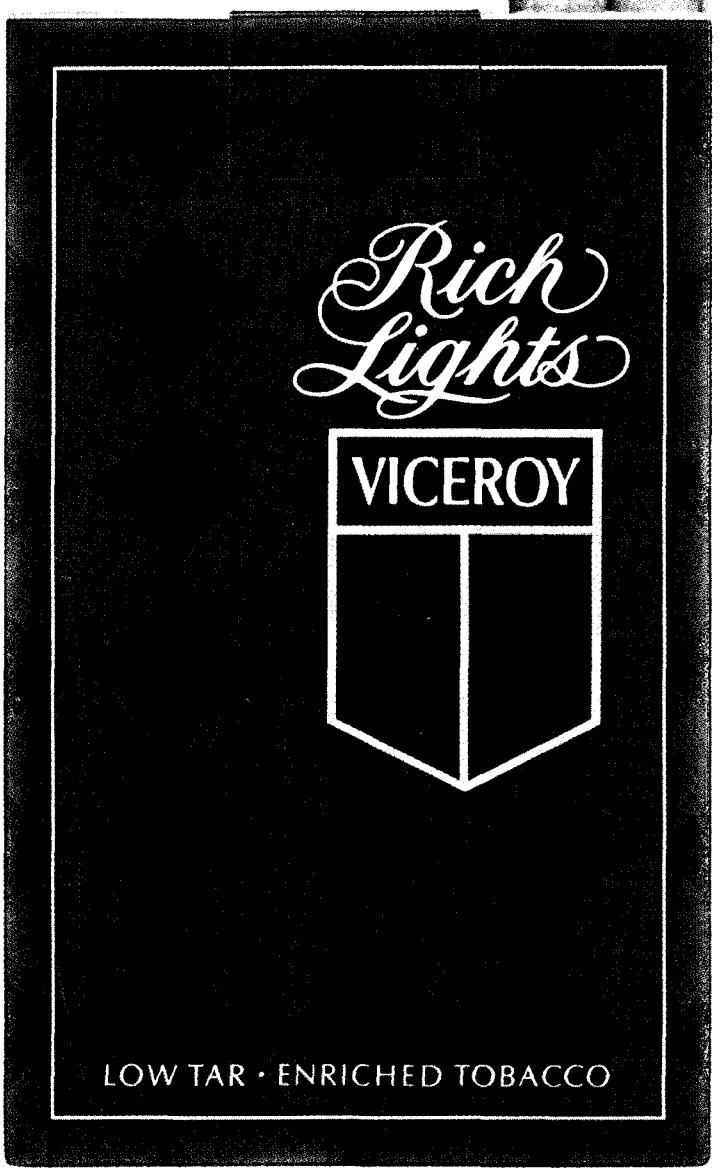

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